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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

PERICLES

Vol. XII. JANUARY, 1903. No. 1

By ELBERT HUBBARD





Single Copies, 25 cents By the Year, $3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

By ELBERT HUBBARD for 1903 will be to the homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

SUBJECTS AS FOLLOWS:

1 Pericles	7 Mirabeau
2 Mark Antony	8 Robert Ingersoll
3 Savonarola	9 John Randolph
4 Martin Luther	10 Thomas Starr King
5 Edmund Burke	11 Henry Ward Beecher
6 William Pitt	12 Wendell Phillips

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"During the Spanish-American war, I went with my troop to Chickamauga," says Lieutenant J. F. Talbott of Springfield, Ills. "If there is any one place on earth where one drinks more coffee than another it is in the army. It is a soldier's 'back bone,' and I can assure you that I drank my share. After several months of hard drilling my health gave out, the chief cause being coffee, bad food, over-exertion and heat.

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My wife's mother used your Postum Food Coffee and knew how to make it right, so I tried it and grew very fond of it. My nervous trouble soon left; my old time health came back, and that Fall I gained so in flesh that the boys on returning after 'muster out,' hardly knew me. Quitting coffee and using Postum did wonders for me."

Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Pericles

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

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When we agreed, O Aspasia! in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can rise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

¶ Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear:

"Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison."

¶ In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather; in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles: not long afterward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on policy and ethics, I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious; a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy.

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary deity of his land, the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the

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friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest, Sacred it ought to be, formed as it were under the Portico of Death. my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of Philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen. ¶ And now at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do in the pride and fullness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? Do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation that which is the lot of all.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.
(WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.)

ONCE upon a day there was a grocer who lived in Indianapolis, Indiana. The grocer's name being Heinrich Schliemann, his nationality can be inferred; and as for pedigree, it is enough to state that his ancestors did not land either at Plymouth or Jamestown. However, he was an American citizen.

Now this grocer made much monies, for he sold groceries as were, and had a feed barn, a hay scales, a somer garten and a lunch counter. In fact, his place of business was just the kind you would expect a strenuous man by the name of Schliemann to keep.

Soon Schliemann had men on the road, and they sold groceries as far west as Peoria and east as far as Xenia.

Schliemann grew rich, and the opening up of Schliemann's Division, where town lots were sold at auction, and Anheuser-Busch played an important part, helped his bank balance not a little.

Schliemann grew rich: and the gentle reader being clairvoyant, now sees Schliemann weighed on his own hay scales—and wanting everything in sight—tipping the beam at part of a ton. The expectation is, that Schliemann will

evolve into a large oval satrap, grow beautifully boastful and sublimely reminiscent, representing his Ward in the Common Council until pudge plus prunes him off in his prime.

But this time the reader is wrong: Schliemann was tall, slender and reserved, also taciturn. Groceries were not the goal. In fact, he had interests outside of Indianapolis, that few knew anything about. When Schliemann was thirty-eight years old he was worth half a million dollars; and instead of making his big business still bigger, he was studying Greek. It was a woman and Eros taught Schliemann Greek, and this was so letters could be written—dictated by Eros, who they do say is an awful dictator—that would not be easily construed by Hoosier hoi polloi. Together the woman and Schliemann studied the history of Hellas.

¶ About the year 1868 Schliemann turned all of his Indiana property into cash; and in April, 1870, he was digging in the hill of Hissarlik, Troad. The same faculty of thoroughness, and the ability to captain a large business—managing men to his own advantage, and theirs—made his work in Greece a success. Schliemann's discoveries at Mt. Athos, Mycenæ, Ithaca and Tiryns turned a search-light upon prehistoric Hellas and revolutionized prevailing ideas concerning the rise and development of Greek Art.

His Trojan treasures were presented to the city of Berlin. Had Schliemann given his priceless findings to Indianapolis, it would have made that city a Sacred

Mecca for all the western world—set it apart, and caused James Whitcomb Riley to be a mere side-show, inept, inconsequent, immaterial and insignificant. But alas! Indianapolis never knew Schliemann when he lived there—they thought he was a Dutch Grocer! And all the honors went to Benjamin Harrison, Governor Morton and Thomas A. Hendricks.

If the Indiana Novelists would cease their dalliance with Dame Fiction and turn to Truth, writing a simple record of the life of Schliemann, it would eclipse in strangeness all the Knighthoods that ever were in flower, and Ben Hur would get the flag in his Crawfordsville chariot race for fame.

Berlin gave the freedom of the city to Schliemann; the Emperor of Germany bestowed on him a Knighthood; the University voted him a Ph. D.; Heidelberg made him a D.C.L.; and St. Petersburg followed with an L.L.D.

The value of the treasure, now in the Berlin Museum, found by Schliemann, exceeds by far the value of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. We know, and have always known, who built the Parthenon and crowned the Acropolis; but not until Schliemann had by faith and good works removed the mountain of Hissarlik, did we know that the Troy, of which blind Homer sang, was not a figment of the poet's brain.

¶ Schliemann showed us that a thousand years before the age of Pericles there was a civilization almost as great. Aye! more than this—he showed us that the

ancient city of Troy was built upon the ruins of a city that throve and pulsed with life and pride, a thousand years or more before Thetis, the mother of Achilles, held her baby by the heel and dipped him in the River Styx. ¶ Schliemann passed to the realm of Shade in 1890, and is buried at Athens, in the Ceramicus, in a grave excavated by his own hands in a search for the grave of Pericles.





ERICLES lived nearly twenty-five centuries ago. The years of his life were sixty-six—during the last thirty-one of which, by popular acclaim, he was the "First Citizen of Athens."

The age in which he lived is called the Age of Pericles.

Shakespeare died less than three hundred years ago, and although he lived in a writing age and every decade since has seen a plethora of writing men, yet writing men are now bandying words as to whether he lived at all.

Between us and Pericles lie a thousand years of night, when styli were stilled, pens forgotten, chisels thrown aside, brushes were useless, and oratory was silent, dumb. Yet we know the man Pericles quite as well as the popular mind knows George Washington who lived but yesterday, and with whom myth and fable have already played their part.

Thucydides, a contemporary of Pericles, who outlived him nearly half a century, wrote his life. Fortunately Thucydides was big enough himself to take the measure of a great man. At least seven other contemporaries, whose works we have in part, wrote also of the First Citizen.

To Plutarch are we indebted for much of our knowledge of Pericles, and fortunately we are in position to verify most of Plutarch's gossipy chronicles. ¶ The

vanishing point of time is seen in that Plutarch refers to Pericles as an "ancient"; and through the mist of years it hardly seems possible that between Plutarch and Pericles is a period of five hundred years. Plutarch resided in Greece when Paul was at Athens, Corinth and other Grecian cities. Later Plutarch was at Miletus, about the time St. Paul stopped there on his way to Rome to be tried for blasphemy—the same offense committed by Socrates, and a sin charged, too, against Pericles. Nature punishes for most sins, but sacrilege, heresy and blasphemy are not in her calendar, so man has to look after them. Plutarch visited Patmos where St. John was exiled and where he wrote the Book of Revelation. Plutarch was also at "Malta by the Sea" where St. Paul was shipwrecked, but so far as we know, he never heard of Paul nor of Him of whom, upon Mars Hill, Paul preached. ¶ Paul bears testimony that at Athens the people spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. They were curious as children, and had to be diverted and amused. They were the same people that Pericles had diverted, amused and used—used without their knowing it, five hundred years before.



HE gentle and dignified Anaxagoras, who abandoned all his property to the state that he might be free to devote himself to thought, was the first and best teacher of Pericles. Under his tutorship—better, the companionship of this noble man—Pericles acquired that sublime self-restraint, that intellectual breadth, that freedom from superstition which marked his character.

Superstitions are ossified metaphors and back of every religious fallacy lies a truth. The gods of Greece were once men who fought their valiant fight and lived their day; the supernatural is the natural not yet understood—it is the natural seen through the mist of one, two, three, ten or twenty-five hundred years when things loom large and out of proportion—and all these things were plain to Pericles. Yet he kept his inmost belief to himself, and let the mob believe what e'er it list. Morley's book on "Compromise" would not have appealed much to Pericles—his answer would have been, "A man must do what he can, and not what he would." Yet he was no vulgar demagogue truckling to the caprices of mankind, nor was he a tyrant who pitted his will against the many and subdued by a show of arms. For thirty years he kept peace at home, and if this peace was once or twice cemented by an insignificant foreign war, he proved

thereby that he was abreast of Napoleon who said, "The cure for civil dissension is war abroad." Pericles stands alone in his success as a statesman. It was Thomas Brackett Reed, I believe, who said, "A statesman is a politician who is dead."

And this is a sober truth, for, to reveal the statesman, perspective is required.

Pericles built and maintained a State, and he did it as every statesman must, by recognizing and binding to him ability. It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test. While Pericles lived there also lived Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Zeno, Pythagoras, Socrates, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Pindar, Empedocles and Democritus. Such a galaxy of stars has never been seen before nor since—unless we have it now—and Pericles was their one central sun.

Pericles was great in many ways—great as an orator, musician, philosopher, politician, financier, and great and wise as a practical leader. Lovers of beauty are apt to be dreamers, but this man had the ability to plan, devise, lay out work and carry it through to a successful conclusion. He infused others with his own animation, and managed to set a whole city full of lazy people building a temple grander far in its rich simplicity than the world had ever seen. By his masterly eloquence and the magic of his presence, Pericles infused the Greeks with a passion for beauty and a desire to create. And no man can inspire others

with the desire to create who has not taken sacred fire from the altar of the gods. The creative genius is the highest gift vouchsafed to man, and wherein man is likest God. The desire to create does not burn the heart of the serf and only free people can respond to the greatest power ever given to any First Citizen. ¶ In beautifying the city there was a necessity for workers in stone, brass, iron, ivory, gold, silver and wood. Six thousand of the citizens were under daily pay as jurors, to be called upon if their services were needed; most of the other male adults were soldiers. Through the genius of Pericles and his generals these men were set to work as masons, carpenters, braziers, goldsmiths, painters and sculptors. Talent was discovered where before it was supposed there was none; music found a voice; play-writers discovered actors; actors found an audience; and philosophy had a hearing. A theatre was built, carved almost out of solid stone, that seated ten thousand people, and on the stage there was often heard a chorus of a thousand voices. Physical culture developed the perfect body so that the Greek forms of that time are today the despair of the human race. The recognition of the sacredness of the temple of the soul was taught as a duty; and to make the body beautiful by right exercise and by right life became a science. The sculptor must have had models approaching perfection, and the exhibition of the sculptor's work, together with occasional public religious processions of naked youths kept before the peo-

ple ideals superb and splendid. ¶ For several years everybody worked, carrying stone, hewing, tugging, lifting, carving. Up the steep road that led to the Acropolis was a constant procession carrying materials. So infused was everybody and everything with the work that a story is told of a certain mule that had hauled a cart in the endless procession. This worthy worker "who was sustained by neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity," finally became galled and lame and was turned out to die. But the mule did not die—nothing dies until hope dies. That mule pushed his way back into the throng and up and down he went, filled and comforted with the thought that he was doing his work—and all respected him and made way. If this story was invented by a comic poet of the time, devised by an enemy of Pericles, we see its moral, and think no less of Pericles. To inspire a mule with a passion for work and loyalty in a great cause is no mean thing. ¶ So richly endowed was the character of Pericles that he was able to appreciate the best not only in men, but in literature, painting, sculpture, music, architecture and life. In him there was as near a perfect harmony as we have ever seen —in him all the various lines of Greek culture united, and we get the perfect man. Under the right conditions there might be produced a race of such men—but such a race never lived in Greece and never could. Greece was a splendid experiment. Greece was God's finest plaything—devised to show what He could do.



HAVE sometimes thought that comeliness of feature and fine physical proportions were a handicap to an orator. If a man is handsome, it is quite enough—let him act as chairman and limit his words to stating the pleasure he has in introducing the speaker. No man in a full dress suit can sway a thousand people to mingle mirth and tears, play upon their emotions and make them remember the things they have forgotten, drive conviction home, and change the ideals of a lifetime in an hour. The man in spotless attire, with necktie mathematically adjusted is an usher. If too much attention to dress is in evidence, we at once conclude that the attire is first in importance and the message secondary.

The orator is a man we hate, fear, or love, and are curious to see. His raiment is incidental; the usher's clothes are vital. The attire of the usher may reveal the man—but not so the speaker. If our first impressions are disappointing, so much the better, provided the man is a man.

The best thing in Winston Churchill's book, "The Crisis," is his description of Lincoln's speech at Freeport. Churchill got that description from a man who was there. Where the issue was great, Lincoln was always at first a disappointment. His unkempt appearance, his awkwardness, his shrill voice—these

things made people laugh, then they were ashamed because they laughed, then they pitied, next followed surprise, and before they knew it, they were being wrapped 'round by words so gracious, so fair, so convincing, so free from prejudice, so earnest and so charged with soul that they were taken captive, bound hand and foot.

Talmage, who knew his business, used to work this element of disappointment as an art. When the event was important and he wished to make a particularly good impression, he would begin in a very low, singsong voice, and in a monotonous manner, dealing in trite nothings for five minutes or more. His angular form would seem to take on more angles and his homely face would grow more homely—if it were possible: disappointment would spread itself over the audience like a fog; people would settle back in their pews, sigh and determine to endure. And then suddenly the speaker would glide to the front, his great chest would fill, his immense mouth would open and there would leap forth a sentence like a thunderbolt.

¶ Visitors at "The Temple," London, will recall how Joseph Parker works the matter of surprise, and often piques curiosity by beginning his sermon to two thousand people in a voice that is just above a whisper.

¶ One of the most impressive orators of modern times was John P. Altgeld, yet to those who heard him for the first time his appearance was always a disappointment. Altgeld was so earnest and sincere, so full of

his message that he scorned all the tricks of oratory, but still he must have been aware that his insignificant form and commonplace appearance were a perfect foil for the gloomy, melancholy and foreboding note of earnestness that riveted his words into a perfect whole.

Over against the type of oratory represented by Altgeld, America has produced one orator who fascinated first by his personal appearance, next exasperated by his imperturbable calm, then disappointed through a reserve that nothing could baffle, and finally won through all three, more than by his message. This man was Roscoe Conkling, he of the Hyperion curls and Jove-like front.

The chief enemy of Conkling (and he had a goodly list) was James G. Blaine, who once said of him, "He wins like Pericles by his grand and god-like manner —and knows it." In appearance and manner Pericles and Conkling had much in common, but there the parallel stops.

Pericles appeared only on great occasions. We are told that in twenty years he was only seen on the streets of Athens once a year, and that was in going from his house to the Assembly where he made his annual report of his stewardship. He never made himself cheap. His speeches were prepared with great care and must have been memorized. Before he spoke he prayed the gods that not a single unworthy word might escape his lips. We are told that his manner

was so calm, so well poised, that during his speech his mantle was never disarranged.

In his speeches Pericles never championed an unpopular cause—he never led a forlorn hope—he never flung reasons into the teeth of a mob. His addresses were the orderly, gracious words of eulogy and congratulation. He won the approval of his constituents often against their will and did the thing he wished to do, without giving offense. Thucydides says his words were like the honey of Hymettus—persuasion sat upon his lips.

No man wins his greatest fame in that to which he has given most of his time: it 's his side issue, the thing he does for recreation, his heart's play-spell, that gives him immortality. There is too much tension in that where his all is staked. But in his leisure the pressure is removed, his heart is free and judgment may for the time take a back seat—there was where Dean Swift picked his laurels. Although Pericles was the greatest orator of his day, yet his business was not oratory. Public speaking was to him merely incidental and accidental. He doubtless would have avoided it if he could—he was a man of affairs, a leader of practical men, and he was a teacher. He held his place by a suavity, gentleness and gracious show of reasons unparalleled. In oratory it is manner that wins, not words. One virtue Pericles had in such generous measure that the world yet takes note of it, and that is his patience. If interrupted in a speech, he

gave way and never answered sharply, nor used his position to the other's discomfiture. In his speeches there was no challenge, no vituperation, no irony, no arraignment. He assumed that everybody was honest, everybody just, and that all men were doing what they thought was best for themselves and others. His enemies were not rogues—simply good men who were temporarily in error. He impeached no man's motives; but went much out of his way to give due credit.

On one occasion, early in his public career, he was berated by a bully in the streets. Pericles made no answer, but went quietly about his business. The man followed him, continuing his abuse, followed him clear to the door of his house. It being dark, Pericles ordered one of his servants to procure a torch, light the man home and see that no harm befell him.

The splendor of his intellect and the sublime strength of his will are shown in that small things did not distress him. He was building the Parthenon and making Athens the wonder of the world: this was enough.



HE Greeks at their best were barbarians; at their worst, slaves. The average intelligence among them was low; and the idea that they were such a wonderful people has gained a foothold simply because they are so far off. The miracle of it all is that such sublimely great men as Pericles, Phidias, Socrates and Anaxagoras should have sprung from such a barbaric folk. The men just named were as exceptional as was Shakespeare in the reign of Elizabeth. That the masses had small appreciation of these men is proven in the fact that Phidias and Anaxagoras died in prison, probably defeating their persecutors by suicide. Socrates drank the cup of hemlock, and Pericles, the one man who had made Athens immortal, barely escaped banishment and death by diverting attention from himself to a foreign war. The charge against both Pericles and Phidias was that of "sacrilege." They said that Pericles and Phidias should be punished because they had placed their pictures on a sacred shield.

Humanity's job lot was in the saddle, and sought to wound Pericles by attacking his dearest friends, so his old teacher, Anaxagoras was made to die; his beloved helper, Phidias, the greatest sculptor the world has ever known, suffered a like fate, and his wife, Aspasia, was humiliated by being dragged to a public

trial where the eloquence of Pericles alone saved her from a malefactor's death: and it is said that this was the only time when Pericles lost his "Olympian calm."

¶ The son of Pericles and Aspasia was one of ten generals executed because they failed to win a certain battle. The scheme of beheading unsuccessful soldiers was not without its advantages, and in some ways is to be commended, but the plan reveals the fact that the Greeks had so little faith in their leaders that the threat of death was deemed necessary to make them do their duty. This son of Pericles was declared illegitimate by law; another law was passed declaring him legitimate; and finally his head was cut off, all as duly provided in the statutes. Does n't this make us wonder what this world would have been without its lawmakers? The particular offense of Anaxagoras was that he said Jove occasionally sent thunder and lightning with no thought of Athens in mind. The same subject is up for discussion yet, but no special penalty is provided by the state as to conclusions.

¶ The citizens of Greece in the time of Pericles were given over to two things which were enough to damn any individual and any nation—idleness and superstition. The drudgery was done by slaves: the idea that a free citizen should work was preposterous: to be useful was a disgrace. For a time Pericles dissipated their foolish thought, but it kept cropping out. To speak disrespectfully of the gods was to invite death, and the philosophers who dared discuss the powers

of nature or refer to a natural religion were only safe through the fact that their language was usually so garlanded with the flowers of poesy that the people did not comprehend its import.

Very early in the reign of Pericles a present of forty thousand bushels of wheat had been sent from the King of Egypt—at least it was called a present—probably it was an exacted tribute. This wheat was to be distributed among the free citizens of Athens, and accordingly when the cargo arrived, there was a fine scramble among the people to show that they were free. Everybody produced a certificate and demanded wheat.

Some time before this Pericles had caused a law to be passed providing that in order to be a Citizen a man must be descended from a father and mother who were both Athenians. This law was aimed directly at Themistocles, the predecessor of Pericles, whose mother was an alien. It is true the mother of Themistocles was an alien, but her son was Themistocles. The law worked and Themistocles was declared a bastardicus and banished.

Before unloading our triremes of wheat let the fact be stated that laws aimed at individuals are apt to prove boomerangs. "Thee should build no dark cells," said Elizabeth Fry to the King of France, "for thy children may occupy them." Some years after Pericles had caused this law to be passed defining citizenship, he loved a woman who had the misfortune to be born

at Miletus. According to his own law the marriage of Pericles to this woman was not legal—she was only his slave, not his wife. So finally Pericles had to go before the people and ask for the repeal of the law that he had made, in order that his own children might be made legitimate. Little men in shovel hats and knee-breeches who hotly fume against the sin of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister are usually men whose wives are not deceased, and have no sisters.

¶ The wheat arrived at the Piræus, and the citizens jammed the docks. The slaves wore sleeveless tunics. The Greeks were not much given to that absurd plan of cutting off heads—they simply cut off sleeves. This meant that the man was a worker—the rest affected sleeves so long that they could not work, somewhat after the order of the Chinese nobility who wear their fingernails so long they cannot use their hands. "To kill a bird is to lose it," said Thoreau. "To kill a man is to lose him," said the Greeks.

"You should have your sleeves cut off," said some of the citizens to others, with a bit of acerbity, as they crowded the docks for their wheat.

The talk increased—it became louder.

Finally it was proposed that the distribution of wheat should be deferred until every man had proved his pedigree.

The ayes had it.

The result was that on close scrutiny five thousand supposed citizens had a blot on their 'scutcheon. The

property of these five thousand men was immediately confiscated and the men sold into slavery. The total number of free men, women and children in the city of Athens was about seventy-five thousand, and of slaves or helots about the same, making the total population of the city about one hundred and fifty thousand.

We have heard so much of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," that we are, at times, apt to think the world is making progress backward. But let us all stand erect and lift up our hearts in thankfulness that we live in the freest country the world has ever known. Wisdom is not monopolized by a few; power is not concentrated in the hands of a tyrant; knowledge need not express itself in cipher; to work is no longer a crime or a disgrace.

We have superstition yet, but it is toothless: we can say our say without fear of losing our heads or sleeves. We may lose a few customers, and some subscribers may cancel, but we are not in danger of banishment, and that attenuated form of ostracism which consists in neglecting to invite the offender to a four-o'clock-tea, has no terrors.

Bigotry is abroad, but it has no longer the power to throttle science; the empty threat of future punishment and the offer of reward, are nothing to us, since we perceive they are offered by men who have n't these things to give. The idea of war and conquest is held by many, but concerning it we voice our thoughts

and write our views; and the fact that we perceive and point out what we believe are fallacies, and brand the sins of idleness and extravagance, is proof that light is breaking in the East. If we can profit by the good that was in Greece and avoid the bad, we have the raw material here, if properly used, to make her glory fade into forgetfulness by comparison.

Do not ask that the days of Greece shall come again —we now know that to live by the sword is to die by the sword, and the nation that builds on conquest builds on sand. We want no splendor fashioned by slaves—no labor driven by the lash, nor lured on through superstitious threat of punishment and offer of reward: we recognize that to own slaves is to be one.

¶ Ten men built Athens—the passion for beauty that these men had may be ours, their example may inspire us, but to live their lives—we will none of them! Our lives are better—the best time the world has ever seen is now; and a better yet is sure to be. The night is past and gone—the light is breaking in the East.



OMANHOOD was not held in high esteem in Greece. To be sure, barbaric Sparta made a bold stand for equality, and almost instituted a gynocracy, but the usual idea was that a woman's opinion was not worth considering. Hence the caricaturists of the day made sly sport of the love of Pericles and Aspasia. These two were intellectual equals, comrades, and that all of Pericles' public speeches were rehearsed to her, as his enemies averred, is probably true. "Aspasia has no time for society; she is busy writing a speech for her lord," said Aristophanes. Socrates used to visit Aspasia, and he gave out as his opinion that Aspasia wrote the sublime ode delivered by Pericles on the occasion of his eulogy on the Athenian dead. The popular mind could not possibly comprehend how a great man could defer to a woman in important matters, and she be at once his wife, counselor, comrade, friend. Socrates, who had been taught by antithesis, understood it.

The best minds of our day behold that Pericles was as sublimely great in his love affairs as he was in his work as architect and statesman. Life is a whole, and every man works his love up into life—his life is revealed in his work, and his love is mirrored in his life. For myself I cannot see why the Parthenon may not have been a monument to a great and sublime pas-

sion, and the statue of Athena, its chief ornament, be the sacred symbol of a great woman greatly loved. ¶ So far as can be found, the term of "courtesan" applied by the mob to Aspasia, came from the fact that she was not legally married to Pericles, and for no other reason. That their union was not legal was owing to the simple fact that Pericles, early in his career, had caused a law to be passed making marriage between an Athenian and an alien morganatic: very much as in England, for a time, the children of a marriage where one parent was a Catholic and the other Protestant were declared by the state to be illegitimate. The act of Pericles in spreading a net for his rival and getting caught in it himself, is a beautiful example of the truth of a bucolic maxim, "Chickens most generally come home to roost."

Thucydides says that for thirty years Pericles never dined away from home but once. He kept out of crowds, and was very seldom seen at public gatherings. The idea held by many was that a man who thus preferred his home and the society of a woman, was either silly or bad, or both. Socrates, for instance, never went home as long as there was any other place to go, which reminds us of a certain American statesman who met a friend on the street, the hour being near midnight. "Where are you going, Bill?" asked the statesman. "Home," said Bill. "What!" said the statesman, "have n't you any place to go?" The Athenian men spent their spare time in the streets and

market places—this was to them what the daily paper is to us.

In his home life Pericles was simple, unpretentious and free from all extravagance. No charge could ever be brought against him that he was wasting the public money for himself—the beauty he materialized was for all. He held no court, had no carriages, equipage, nor guards; wore no insignia of office, and had no title save that of "First Citizen" given him by the people. He is the supreme type of a man who, though holding no public office, yet ruled like a monarch and best of all, ruled his own spirit. There is no government so near perfect as that of an absolute monarchy—where the monarch is wise and just.



REECE is a beautiful dream. Dreams do not endure, yet they are a part of life no less than the practical deeds of the day. The glory of Greece could not last; its limit was thirty years—one generation. The splendor of Athens was built on tribute and conquest, and the lesson of it all lies in this: For thirty years Pericles turned the revenues of war into art, beauty and usefulness.

England spent more in her vain efforts to subjugate two little South African republics than Pericles spent in making Athens the Wonder of the World. If Chamberlain and Salisbury had been the avatars of Pericles and Phidias, they would have used the nine hundred millions of dollars wasted in South Africa, and the services of those three hundred thousand men, and done in England, aye! or done in South Africa, a work of harmony and undying beauty such as this tired earth had not seen since Phidias wrought and Pindar sang.

¶ And another thing, the thirty thousand Englishmen sacrificed to the God of War, and the ten thousand Boers, dead in a struggle for what they thought was right, would now nearly all be alive and well, rejoicing in the contemplation of a harmony unparalleled and unsurpassed.

During the last year the United States has appropriated four hundred million dollars for war and war

apparatus. Since 1897 we have expended about three times the sum named for war and waste. If there had been among us a Pericles who could have used this vast treasure in irrigating the lands of the West and building Manual Training Schools where boys and girls would be taught to do useful work and make beautiful things, we could have made ancient Greece pale into forgetfulness beside the beauty we would manifest.

When Pericles came into power there was a union of the Greek states, formed with intent to stand against Persia, the common foe. A treasure had been accumulated at Delos by Themistocles, the predecessor of Pericles, to use in case of emergency.

The ambition of Themistocles was to make Greece commercially supreme. She must be the one maritime power of the world. All the outlying islands of the Ægean Sea were pouring their tithes into Athens and Delos that they might have protection from the threatening hordes of Persia.

Pericles saw that war was not imminent, and under the excuse of increased safety he got the accumulated treasure moved from Delos to Athens. The amount of this emergency fund, to us, would be insignificant—a mere matter of say two million dollars. Pericles used this money, or a portion of it at least, for beautifying Athens, and he did his wondrous work by maintaining a moderate war tax in a time of peace, using the revenue for something better than destruction and

vaunting pride. ¶ But Pericles could not forever hold out against the mob at Athens, and the hordes abroad. He might have held the hordes at bay, but disloyalty struck at him at home—his best helpers were sacrificed to superstition—his beloved helper Phidias was dead. War came—the population from the country flocked within the walls of Athens for protection. The pent up people grew restless, sick—pestilence followed and in ministering to their needs, trying to infuse courage into his whimpering countrymen, bearing up under the disloyalty of his own sons, planning to meet the lesser foe without, Pericles grew a-weary, nature flagged, and he was dead.

From his death dates the decline of Greece—she has been twenty-five centuries dying and is not dead even yet. To Greece we go for consolation, and in her armless and headless marbles we see the perfect type of what men and women yet may be. Copies of her Winged Victory are upon ten thousand pedestals pointing us the way.

England has her Chamberlain, Salisbury, Lord Bobs, Buller and Kitchener; America has her rough riders who bawl and boast, her financiers, and her promoters. In every city of America there is a Themistocles who can organize a Trust of Delos and make the outlying islands pay tithes and tribute through an indirect tax on this and that. In times of alleged danger all Kansas flock to arms and offer their lives in the interest of outraged humanity.

These things are well, but where is the Pericles who can inspire men to give in times of peace what all are willing to give in the delirium of war—that is to say, themselves?

We can funstonize men into fighting machines; we can set half a nation licking stamps for strife; but where is the Pericles who can infuse the populace into paving streets, building good roads, planting trees, constructing waterways across desert sands, and crowning each rock-ribbed hill with a temple consecrated to Love and Beauty! We take our mules from their free prairies, huddle them in foul transports and send them across wide oceans to bleach their bones upon the burning veldt; but where is the man who can inspire our mules with a passion to do their work, add their mite to building a temple and follow the procession unled, undriven—with neither curb nor lash—happy in the fond idea that they are a part of all the seething life that throbs, pulses and works for a Universal Good!

England is today a country tied with crepe. On the lintels of her door-posts there linger yet the marks of sprinkled blood; the guttural hurrahs of her coronation are mostly evoked by beer; behind it all are fears and tears and a sorrow that will not be comforted.

¶ "I never caused a single Athenian to wear mourning," truthfully said Pericles with his dying breath. Can the present prime ministers of earth say as much? That is the kind of leader America most needs today

—a man who can do his work and make no man, woman or child wear crepe.

The time is ripe for him—we await his coming.

We are sick of plutocrats who struggle and scheme but for themselves: we turn with loathing from the concrete selfishness of Newport and Saratoga; the clatter of arms and the blare of battle trumpets in time of peace is hideous to our ears—we want no wealth gained from conquest and strife.

Ours is the richest country the world has ever known —Greece was beggar compared with Iowa and Illinois, where nothing but honest effort is making small cities great. But we need a Pericles who shall inspire us to work for truth, harmony and beauty, a beauty wrought for ourselves and a love that shall perform such miracles that they will minister to the millions yet unborn. We need a Pericles! We need a Pericles!



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF PERICLES, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN JANUARY, OF THE YEAR MCMIII

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To the Homes of

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Antony

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T is not long, my Antony, since, with these hands, I buried thee. Alas! they were then free, but thy Cleopatra is now a prisoner, attended by guard, lest, in the transports of her grief, she should disfigure this captive body, which is reserved to adorn the triumph over thee. These are the last offerings, the last honors she can pay thee; for she is now to be conveyed to a distant country. Nothing could part us while we lived, but in death we are to be divided. Thou, though a Roman, liest buried in Egypt; and I, an Egyptian, must be interred in Italy, the only favor I shall receive from thy country. Yet, if the Gods of Rome have power or mercy left, (for surely those of Egypt have forsaken us) let them not suffer me to be led in living triumph to thy disgrace! No! hide me, hide me with thee in the grave; for life, since thou hast left it, has been misery to me. PLUTARCH.

THE sole surviving daughter of the great King Ptolemy of Egypt, Cleopatra, was seventeen years old when her father died ❧ ❧

By his will the King made her joint heir to the throne with her brother Ptolemy, several years her junior. And according to the custom, not unusual among royalty at that time, it was provided that Ptolemy should become the husband of Cleopatra.

She was a woman—her brother a child. ¶ She had intellect, ambition, talent. She knew the history of her own country, and that of Assyria, Greece and Rome; and all the written languages of the world were to her familiar. She had been educated by the philosophers, who had brought from Greece the science of Pythagoras and Plato. Her companions had been men—not women, or nurses, or pious, pedantic priests.

Through the veins of her young body pulsed and leaped life plus.

She abhorred the thought of an alliance with her weak-chinned brother; and the ministers of state who suggested another husband, as a compromise, were dismissed with a look. They said

she was intractable, contemptuous, unreasonable, and was scheming for the sole possession of the throne. She was not to be diverted even by ardent courtiers who were sent to her, and who lay in wait ready with amorous sighs—she scorned them all.

Yet she was a woman still, and in her dreams she saw the coming prince.

She was banished from Alexandria.

A few friends followed her, and an army was formed to force from the enemy her rights.

But other things were happening—a Roman army came leisurely drifting in with the tide and disembarked at Alexandria. The Great Cæsar himself was in command—a mere holiday, he said. He had intended to join the land forces of Mark Antony and help crush the rebellious Pompey, but Antony had done the trick alone, and only a few days before word had come that Pompey was dead.

Cæsar knew that civil war was on in Alexandria, and being near he sailed slowly in, sending messengers ahead warning both sides to lay down their arms.

¶ With him was the far-famed invincible Tenth Legion that had ravished Gaul. Cæsar wanted to rest his men and, incidentally, to reward them. They took possession of the city without a blow.

Cleopatra's troops laid down their arms, but Ptolemy's refused. They were simply chased beyond the walls, and their punishment for a time deferred.

Cæsar took possession of the palace of the King, and

his soldiers accommodated themselves in the houses, public buildings and temples as best they could.

Cleopatra asked for a personal interview so to present her cause. Cæsar declined to meet her—he understood the trouble—many such cases he had seen. Claimants for thrones were not new to him. Where two parties quarrelled both are right—or wrong—it really mattered little. It is absurd to quarrel—still more foolish to fight. Cæsar was a man of peace, and to keep the peace he would appoint one of his generals governor, and make Egypt a Roman colony. In the meantime he would rest a week or two, with the kind permission of the Alexandrians, and write upon his "Commentaries"—no, he would not see either Cleopatra or Ptolemy—any information desired he would get through his trusted emissaries.

In the service of Cleopatra was a Sicilian slave who had been her personal servant since she was a little girl. This man's name was Appolidorus—a man of giant stature and imposing mien. Ten years before his tongue had been torn out as a token that as he was to attend a queen he should tell no secrets.

Appolidorus had but one thought in life, and that was to defend his gracious queen. He slept at the door of Cleopatra's tent, a naked sword at his side, held in his clenched and brawny hand.

And now behold at dusk of day the grim and silent Appolidorus, carrying upon his giant shoulders a large and curious rug, rolled up and tied 'round at either

end with ropes. He approaches the palace of the King, and at the guarded gate hands a note to the officer in charge. This note gives information to the effect that a certain patrician citizen of Alexandria, being glad that the gracious Cæsar had deigned to visit Egypt, sends him the richest rug that can be woven, done, in fact, by his wife and daughters and held against this day, awaiting Rome's greatest son.

¶ The officer reads the note, and orders a soldier to accept the gift and carry it within—presents were constantly arriving. A sign from the dumb giant makes the soldier stand back—the present is for Cæsar and can be delivered only in person. "Lead and I will follow," were the words done in stern pantomime.

The officer laughs, sends the note inside, and the messenger soon returning, signifies that the present is acceptable and the slave bearing it shall be shown in. Appolidorus shifts his burden to the other shoulder, and follows the soldier through the gate, up the marble steps along the splendid hallway lighted by flaring torches and lined with reclining Roman soldiers.

At a door they pause an instant, there is a whispered word—they enter.

The room is furnished as becomes the room that is the private library of the King of Egypt. In one corner, seated at the table, pen in hand, sits a man of middle age, pale, clean shaven, with hair close-cropped. His dress is not that of a soldier—it is the flowing white robe of a Roman Priest. Only one ser-

vant attends this man, a secretary, seated near, who rises and explains that the present is acceptable and shall be deposited on the floor.

The pale man at the table looks up, smiles a tired smile and murmurs in a perfunctory way his thanks. ¶ Appolidorus having laid his burden on the floor, kneels to untie the ropes.

The secretary explains that he need not trouble, pray bear thanks and again thanks to his master—he need not tarry!

The dumb man on his knees neither hears nor heeds. The rug is unrolled.

From out the roll a woman leaps lightly to her feet—a beautiful young woman of twenty.

She stands there, poised, defiant, gazing at the pale-faced man seated at the table.

He is not surprised—he never was. One might have supposed he received all his visitors in this manner. ¶ "Well?" he says in a quiet way, a half smile parting his thin lips.

The woman's breast heaves with tumultuous emotion—just an instant. She speaks, and there is no tremor in her tones. Her voice is low, smooth, and scarcely audible: "I am Cleopatra."

The man at the desk lays down his pen, leans back and gently nods his head, as much as to say, indulgently, "Yes, my child, I hear—go on!"

"I am Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and I would speak with thee alone." ¶ She paused; then raising one

jeweled arm motions to Appolidorus that he shall withdraw. With a similar motion, the man at the desk signifies the same to his astonished secretary.

* * * * * * * * * *

Appolidorus went down the long hallway, down the stone steps and waited at the outer gate amid the throng of soldiers. They questioned him, gibed him, railed at him, but they got no word in reply.

He waited—he waited an hour, two—and then came a messenger with a note written on a slip of parchment. The words ran thus: "Well beloved 'Dorus: Veni, vidi, vici! Go fetch my maids, also all of our personal belongings."



TANDING alone by the slashed and stiffened corpse of Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony says:

> Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times.

Cæsar had two qualities that mark the man of supreme power: he was gentle and he was firm.

To be gentle, generous, lenient, forgiving, and yet never relinquish the vital thing—this is to be great.

To know when to be generous, and when firm—this is wisdom.

The first requisite in ruling others is to rule one's own spirit.

The suavity, moderation, dignity and wise diplomacy of Cæsar led him by sure and safe steps from a lowly clerkship to positions of gradually increasing responsibility. At thirty-seven he was elected Pontifex Maximus—the head of the State Religion.

Between Pagan Rome and Christian Paganism there is small choice—all State religions are very much alike. Cæsar was Pope: and no State religion since his time has been an improvement on that of Cæsar.

¶ In his habits Cæsar was ascetic—a scholar by nature. He was tall, slender, and in countenance sad. For the intellect nature had given him, she had taken toll by cheating him in form and feature. He was deliberate, and of few words—he listened in a way that always first

complimented the speaker and then disconcerted him.

¶ By birth he was a noble, and by adoption one of the people. He was both plebeian and patrician.

His military experience had been but slight, though creditable, and his public addresses were so few that no one claimed he was an orator. He had done nothing of special importance and yet the feeling was everywhere that he was the greatest man in Rome. The nobles feared him, trembling at thought of his displeasure. The people loved him—he called them, "My children."

Cæsar was head of the Church, but politically there were two other strong leaders in Rome, Pompey and Crassus. These two men were rich, and each was the head of a large number of followers whom he had armed as militia "for the defense of State." Cæsar was poor in purse and could not meet them in their own way even if so inclined. He saw the danger of these rival factions—strife between them was imminent—street fights were common, and it would only require a spark to ignite the tinder.

Cæsar the Pontiff—the man of peace—saw a way to secure safety for the State from these two men who had armed their rival legions to protect it.

To secure this end he would crush them both.

The natural way to do this would have been to join forces with the party he deemed the stronger, and down the opposition. But this done the leader with whom he had joined forces would still have to be

dealt with. ¶ Cæsar made peace between Pompey and Crassus by joining with them, forming a Triumvirate. ¶ This was one of the greatest strokes of statecraft ever devised. It made peace at home—averted civil war—cemented rival factions.

When three men join forces, make no mistake, power is never equally divided.

Before the piping times of peace could pall, a foreign war diverted attention from approaching difficulties at home.

The Gauls were threatening—they were always threatening—war could be had with them any time by just pushing out upon them. To the south, Sicily, Greece, Persia and Egypt had been exploited—fame and empire lay in the dim and unknown North.

Only a Cæsar could have known this. He had his colleagues make him governor of Gaul. Gaul was a troublesome place to be, and they were quite willing he should go there. For a priest to go among the fighting Gauls—they smiled and stroked their chins! Gaul had definite boundaries on the South—the Rubicon marked the line—but on the North it was without limit. Real estate owners own as high in the air and as deep in the earth as they wish to go. Cæsar alone guessed the greatness of Gaul.

Under pretense of protecting Rome from a threatened invasion he secured the strongest legions of Pompey and Crassus. Combining them into one army he led them northward to such conquest and victory as

the world had never seen before. ¶ It is not for me to tell the history of Cæsar's Gallic wars. Suffice it to say that in eight years he had penetrated what is now Switzerland, France, Germany and England. Everywhere he left monuments of his greatness in the way of splendid highways, baths, aqueducts and temples. Colonies of settlers from the packed population of Rome followed the victors.

An army left to itself after conquest will settle down to riot and mad surfeit, but this man kept his forces strong by keeping them at work—discipline was never relaxed, yet there was such kindness and care for his men that no mutiny ever made head.

Cæsar became immensely rich—his debts were now all paid—the treasure returned to Rome did the general coffers fill, his name and fame were blazoned on the Roman streets.

When he returned he knew, and had always known, it would be as a conquering hero. Pompey and Crassus did not wish Cæsar to return. He was still governor of Gaul and should stay there. They made him governor—he must do as they required—they sent him his orders.

"The die is cast," said Cæsar on reading the message. Immediately he crossed the Rubicon.

An army fights for a leader, not a cause. The leader's cause is theirs. Cæsar had led his men to victory, and he had done it with a comparatively small degree of danger. He never made an attack until every expedient

for peace was exhausted. He sent word to each barbaric tribe to come in and be lovingly annexed, or else be annexed willy nilly. He won, but through diplomacy where it was possible. When he did strike, it was quickly, unexpectedly and hard. The priest was as great a strategist as a diplomat. He pardoned his opposers when they would lay down their arms—he wanted success not vengeance. But always he gave his soldiers the credit.

They were loyal to him.

Pompey and Crassus could not oppose a man like this —they fled.

Cæsar's most faithful and trusted colleague was Mark Antony, seventeen years his junior—a slashing, dashing, audacious, exuberant fellow.

Cæsar became dictator, really king or emperor. He ruled with moderation, wisely and well. He wore the purple robe of authority, but refused the crown. He was honored, revered, beloved. The habit of the Pontiff still clung to him—he called the people, "My children."

The imperturbable calm of the man of God was upon him—his courage was unimpeachable, but caution preserved him from personal strife. That he could ever be approached by one and all was his pride.

But clouds were beginning to gather.

He had pardoned his enemies, but they had not forgiven him,

There were whisperings that he was getting ready to

assume the office of emperor. At a certain parade when Cæsar sat upon the raised seat, reviewing the passing procession, Mark Antony, the exuberant, left his place in the ranks, and climbing to the platform had tried to crown his beloved leader with laurel. Cæsar had smilingly declined the honor, amid the plaudits of the crowd.

Some said this whole episode was planned to test the temper of the populace.

Another cause of offense was that some time before, Cæsar had spent several months at Alexandria at the court of Cleopatra. And now the young and beautiful queen had arrived in Rome, and Cæsar had appeared with her at public gatherings. She had with her a boy, two years old, by name Cæsario.

This Egyptian child, said the conspirators, was to be the future Emperor of Rome. To meet this accusation Cæsar made his will and provided that his grand-nephew, Octavius Cæsar, should be his adopted son and heir. But this was declared a ruse.

The murmurings grew louder.

Sixty senators combined to assassinate Cæsar—the high position of these men made them safe—by standing together they would be secure.

Cæsar was warned, but declined to take the matter seriously. He neither would arm himself nor allow guards to attend him.

On the 15th of March, 44 B. C., as Cæsar entered the Senate the rebels crowded upon him under the pre-

tense of handing him a petition, and at a sign fell upon him. Twenty-three of the conspirators got close enough to send their envious daggers home.

Brutus dipped his sword in the flowing blood, and waving the weapon aloft cried, "Liberty is restored!"

¶ Two days later, Mark Antony standing by the dead body of his beloved chief, sadly mused:

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.



ÆSAR died aged fifty-six. Mark Antony, his executor, occupying the office next in importance, was thirty-nine.

In point of physique Antony far surpassed Cæsar: they were the same height, but Antony was heroic in stature and carriage, muscular and athletic. His face was comely—his nose large and straight, his eyes set wide apart; his manner martial. If he lacked in intellect, in appearance he held averages good.

Antony had occupied the high offices of questor and tribune, the first calling for literary ability, the second for that of an orator. Cæsar, the wise and diplomatic, had chosen Mark Antony as his Secretary of State on account of his peculiar fitness, especially in representing the Government at public functions. Antony had a handsome presence, a gracious tongue, and was a skilled and ready writer. Cæsar himself was too great a man to be much in evidence.

In passing it is well to note that all the tales as to the dissipation and profligacy of Mark Antony in his early days come from the "Philippics" of Cicero, who made the mistake of executing Lentulus, the stepfather of Mark Antony, and then felt called upon forever after to condemn the entire family. "Philippics' are always a form of self-vindication.

However it need not be put forward that Mark Antony

was a paragon of virtue—a man who has been successively and successfully soldier, politician, lawyer, judge, rhetorician, and diplomat is what he is.

Rome was the ruler of the world: Cæsar was the undisputed greatest man of Rome: and Mark Antony was the right hand of Cæsar.

At the decisive battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar had chosen Mark Antony to lead the left wing while he himself led the right. More than once Mark Antony had stopped the Roman army in its flight and had turned defeat into victory. In the battle with Aristobulus he was the first to scale the wall.

His personal valor was beyond cavil—he had distinguished himself in every battle in which he had taken part.

It was the first intent of the conspirators that Cæsar and Antony should die together, but the fear was that the envious hate of the people toward Cæsar would be neutralized by the love the soldiers bore both Cæsar and Antony. So they counted on the cupidity and ambition of Antony to keep the soldiers in subjection. ¶ Antony was kept out of the plot, and when the blow was struck he was detained at his office by pretended visitors who wanted a hearing.

When news came to him that Cæsar was dead, he fled, thinking that massacre would follow. But the next day he returned and held audience with the rebels. ¶ Antony was too close a follower of Cæsar to depart from his methods. Naturally he was hasty and impul-

sive, but now, everything he did was in imitation of the great man he had loved.

Cæsar always pardoned. Antony listened to the argument of Brutus that Cæsar had been removed for the good of Rome. Brutus proposed that Antony should fill Cæsar's place as Consul or nominal dictator; and in return Brutus and Cassius were to be made governors of certain provinces—amnesty was to be given to all who were in the plot.

Antony agreed, and at once the Assembly was called and a law passed tendering pardon to all concerned—thus was civil war averted. Cæsar was dead, but Rome was safe.

The funeral of Cæsar was to occur the next day. It was to be the funeral of a private citizen—the honor of a public funeral pyre was not to be his. Brutus would say a few words, and Antony, as the closest friend of the dead, would also speak—the body would be buried and all would go on in peace.

Antony had done what he had because it was the only thing he could do. To be successor of Cæsar filled his ambition to the brim—but to win the purple by a compromise with the murderers! It turned his soul to gall.

¶ At the funeral of Cæsar the Forum was crowded to every corner with a subdued, dejected, breathless throng. People spoke in whispers—no one felt safe—the air was stifled and poisoned with fear and fever.

¶ Brutus spoke first: we do not know his exact words, but we know the temper of the man, and his mental

attitude. ¶ Mark Antony had kept the peace, but if he could only feel that the people were with him he would drive the sixty plotting conspirators before him like chaff before the whirlwind.

He would then be Cæsar's successor because he had avenged his death.

The orator must show no passion until he has aroused passion in the hearer—oratory is a collaboration. The orator is the active principle—the audience the passive. ¶ Mark Antony, the practiced orator, begins with simple propositions to which all agree. Gradually he sends out quivering feelers—the response returns—he continues, the audience answers back, he plays upon their emotion, and soon only one mind is supreme, and that is his own.

We know what he did and how he did it, but his words are lost. Shakespeare, the man of imagination, supplies them.

The plotters have made their defense—it is accepted. ¶ Antony, too, defends them—he repeats that they are honorable men, and to reiterate that a man is honorable is to admit that possibly he is not. The act of defense implies guilt—and to turn defense into accusation through pity and love for the one wronged is the supreme task of oratory.

From love of Cæsar to hate for Brutus and Cassius is but a step—panic takes the place of confidence among the conspirators—they slink away. The spirit of the mob is uppermost—the only honor left to Cæsar is

the funeral pyre. Benches are torn up, windows pulled from their fastenings, every available combustible is added to the pile, and the body of Cæsar—he alone calm and untroubled amid all this mad mob—is placed upon this improvised throne of death. Torches flare and the pile is soon in flames.

Night comes on, and the same torches that touched to red the funeral couch of Cæsar, hunt out the houses of the conspirators who killed him.

But the conspirators have fled.

One man is supreme, and that man is Mark Antony.

TO maintain a high position requires the skill of a harlequin. It is an abnormality that any man should long tower above his fellows.

For a few short weeks Mark Antony was the pride and pet of Rome. He gave fetes, contests, processions and entertainments of lavish kind. "These things are pleasant, but they have to be paid for," said Cicero.

¶ Then came from Illyria, Octavius Cæsar, aged nineteen, the adopted son of Cæsar the Great, and claimed his patrimony.

Antony laughed at the stripling, and thought to bribe him with a fete in his honor and a promise, and in the meantime a clerkship where there was no work to speak of and pay in inverse ratio.

The boy was weak in body and commonplace in mind —in way of culture he had been overtrained—but he was stubborn.

Mark Antony lived so much on the surface of things, that he never imagined there was a strong party pushing the "Young Augustus" forward.

Finally Antony became impatient with the importuning young man, and threatened to send him on his way with a guard at his heels to see that he did not return

At once a storm broke over the head of Antony—it came from a seemingly clear sky—Antony had to flee,

not Octavius. ¶ The soldiers of the Great Cæsar had been remembered in his will with seventy-five drachmas to every man, and the will must stand or fall as an entirety. Cæsar had provided that Octavius should be his successor—this will must be respected. Cicero was the man who made the argument. The army was with the will of the dead man, rather than the ambition of the living.

Antony fled, but gathered a goodly army as he went, intending to return.

After some months of hard times passion cooled, and Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, the chief general of Octavius, met in the field for consultation. Swayed by the eloquence of Antony who was still full of the precedents of the Great Cæsar, a Triumvirate was formed, and Antony, Octavius and Lepidus coolly sat down to divide the world between them.

One strong argument that Antony used for the necessity of this partnership was, that Brutus and Cassius were just across in Macedonia, waiting and watching for the time when civil war would so weaken Rome that they could step in and claim their own.

Brutus and his fellow conspirators must be punished. ¶ In two years from that time, they had performed their murderous deed; Cassius was killed at his own request by his servant, and Brutus had fallen on his sword to escape the sword of Mark Antony.

In the stress of defeat and impending calamity, Mark Antony was a great man: he could endure anything

but success. ¶ But now there were no more enemies to conquer: unlike Cæsar the Great he was no scholar, so books were not a solace: to build up and beautify a great state did not occur to him. His camp was turned into a place of mad riot and disorder. Harpers, dancers, buffoons and all the sodden splendor of the East made the nights echo with "shouts, sacrifices, songs and groans."

When Antony entered Ephesus the women went out to meet him in the undress of bacchanals, troops of naked boys representing cupids, and men clothed like satyrs danced before. Everywhere were ivy crowns, spears wreathed with green, and harps, flutes, pipes, and human voices sang songs of praise to the great god Bacchus—for such Antony liked to be called. ¶ Antony knew that between Cleopatra and Cæsar there had been a tender love. All the world that Cæsar ruled, Antony now ruled—or thought he did. In the intoxication of success he would, too, rule the heart that the great Cæsar had ruled. He would rule this proud heart or he would crush it beneath his heel. ¶ He despatched Dellius, his trusted secretary to Alexandria summoning the Queen to meet him at Cilicia, and give answer as to why she had given succor to the army of Cassius.

The charge was preposterous, and if sincere, shows the drunken condition of Antony's mind. Cleopatra loved Cæsar—he was to her the King of Kings, the one supreme and god-like man of earth. Her studious

and splendid mind had matched his own—this cold, scholarly man of fifty-two had been her mate—the lover of her soul. Scarcely five short years before, she had attended him on his journey as he went away, and there on the banks of the Nile as they parted, her unborn babe responded to the stress of parting, no less than she.

Afterward she had followed him to Rome that he might see his son, Cæsario.

She was in Rome when Brutus and Cassius struck their fatal blows, and had fled, disguised, her baby in her arms—refusing to trust the precious life in the hands of hirelings.

And now that she should be accused of giving help to the murderer of her joy! She had execrated and despised Cassius, and now she hated, no less, the man who had wrongfully accused her.

But he was dictator—his summons must be obeyed. She would obey it, but she would humiliate him.

Antony waited at Cilicia on the day appointed, but Cleopatra did not appear. He waited two days—three—and very leisurely, up the river, the galleys of Cleopatra came.

But she did not come as suppliant.

The curiously carved galley, studded with nails of gold; the oars were all tipped with silver, the sails of purple silk. The rowers kept time to the music of flutes. The Queen in the gauzy dress of Venus reclined under a canopy, fanned by Cupids. Her maids

were dressed like the Graces, and fragrance of burning incense diffused the shores.

The whole city went down the river to meet this most gorgeous pageant, and Antony the proud was left at the tribunal alone.

On her arrival Cleopatra sent official word of her presence. Antony sent back word that she should come to him.

She responded that if he wished to see her he should call and pay his respects.

He went down to the riverside and was astonished at the dazzling, twinkling lights and all the magnificence that his eyes beheld. Very soon he was convinced that in elegance and magnificence he could not cope with this Egyptian queen.

The personal beauty of Cleopatra was not great. Many of her maids outshone her. Her power lay in her wit and wondrous mind. She adapted herself to conditions; and on every theme and topic that the conversation might take, she was at home.

Her voice was marvelously musical, and was so modulated that it seemed like an instrument of many strings. She spoke all languages, and therefore, had no use for interpreters.

When she met Antony she quickly took the measure of the man. She fell at once into his coarse soldier ways, and answered him jest for jest.

Antony was at first astonished, then subdued, next entranced—a woman who could be the comrade of a

man she had never seen before! She had the intellect of a man and all the luscious weaknesses of a woman. ¶ Cleopatra had come hating this man Antony, and to her surprise she found him endurable—and more. Besides that, she had cause to be grateful to him—he had destroyed the conspirators who had killed her Cæsar—her King of Kings.

She ordered her retinue to make ready to return. The prows were turned toward Alexandria; and aboard the galley of the Queen, beneath the silken canopy, at the feet of Cleopatra, reclined the great Mark Antony.



YRON sums the subject up in his masterly phrase, "man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence," Still, I suppose it will not be disputed that much depends upon the man and —the woman.

In this instance we have a strong, willful, ambitious and masculine man; up to the time he met Cleopatra, love was of his life a part; after this, it was his whole existence. When they first met there at Cilicia, Antony was past forty, she was twenty-five.

Plutarch tells us that Fulvia, the wife of Antony, an earnest and excellent woman, had tried to discipline him. The result was that instead of bringing him over to her way of thinking she had separated him from her. ¶ Cleopatra ruled the man by entwining her spirit with his—mixing the very fibers of their being—fastening her soul to his with hoops of steel. She became a necessity to him—a part and parcel of the fabric of his life. Together they attended to all the affairs of state. They were one in all the games and sports. The exuberant animal spirits of Antony occasionally found vent in roaming the streets of Alexandria at dead of night, rushing into houses and pulling people out of bed, and then absconding before they were well awake. In these nocturnal pranks, Cleopatra often attended him, dressed like a boy. Once they both got well

pummeled, and deservedly, but they stood the drubbing rather than reveal their identity.

The story of their fishing together, and Antony making all the catch has been often told. He had a skillful diver go down every now and then and place a fish on his hook. Finally when he grew beautifully boastful, as successful fishermen are apt to do, Cleopatra had her diver go down and attach a large Newfoundland salt cod-fish to his hook, which when pulled up before the company turned the laugh, and in the guise of jest taught the man a useful lesson. Antony should have known better than to try and deceive a woman like that—other men have tried it before and since.

¶ But all this horse-play was not to the higher taste of Cleopatra—with Cæsar, she would never have done it.

¶ It is the man who gives the key to conduct in marriage, not the woman; the partnership is successful only as a woman conforms her life to his. If she can joyfully mingle her life with his, destiny smiles in benediction and they become necessary to each other. If she grudgingly gives, conforming outwardly, with mental reservations, she droops, and spirit flagellates the body until it sickens, dies. If she holds out firmly upon principle, intent on preserving her individuality, the man, if small, sickens and dies; if great he finds companionship elsewhere, and leaves her to develop her individuality alone—which she never does. One of three things happens to her: she dies, lapses into nullity, or finds a mate whose nature is sufficiently like

her own that they can blend. ¶ Cleopatra was a greater woman, far, than Antony was a man. But she conformed her life to his and counted it joy. She was capable of better things, but she waived them all, as strong women do and have done since the world began. Love is woman's whole existence—sometimes. But love was not Cleopatra's whole existence, any more than it is the sole existence of the silken Sara, her prototype. Cleopatra loved power first, afterward she loved love. By attaching to herself a man of power both ambitions were realized.

Two years had gone by, and Antony still remained at Alexandria. Importunities, requests and orders had all failed to move him to return. The days passed in the routine affairs of state, hunting, fishing, excursions, fetes, and games. Antony and Cleopatra were not separated night or day.

Suddenly news of serious import came—Fulvia, and Lucius, the brother of Antony, had rebelled against Cæsar and had gathered an army to fight him.

Antony was sore distressed, and started at once to the scene of the difficulty. Fulvia's side of the story was never told, for before Antony arrived in Italy she was dead.

Octavius Cæsar came out to meet Antony and they met as friends. According to Cæsar the whole thing had been planned by Fulvia as a scheme to lure her lord from the arms of Cleopatra. And anyway the plan had worked. The Triumvirate still existed—although

Lepidus had practically been reduced to the rank of a private citizen.

Antony and Cæsar would now rule the world as one, and to cement the bond Antony should take the sister of Octavius to wife. Knowing full well the relationship of Antony and Cleopatra, she consented to the arrangement, and the marriage ceremony was duly performed.

Antony was the head of the Roman army and to a great degree the actual ruler. Power was too equally divided between him and Cæsar for either to be happy —they quarrelled like boys at play.

Antony was restless, uneasy, impatient—Octavia tried to keep the peace, but her kindly offices only made matters worse.

War broke out between Rome and certain tribes in the East, and Antony took the field. Octavia importuned her liege that she might attend him, and he finally consented. She went as far as Athens, then across to Macedonia and here Antony sent her home to her brother that she might escape the dangers of the desert

Antony followed the enemy down into Syria; and there sent for Cleopatra that he might consult with her about joining the forces of Egypt with those of Rome to crush the barbarians.

Cleopatra came on, the consultation followed, and it was decided that when Cæsar the Great—the god-like man whose memory they mutually revered—

said, "War is a foolish business," he was right. They would let the barbarians slide—if they deserved punishment, the gods would look after the case. If the barbarians did not need punishment, then they should go free

Tents were struck, pack camels were loaded, horses were saddled, and the caravan started for Alexandria. By the side of the camel that carried the queen, quietly stepped the proud barb that bore Mark Antony.

FOR fourteen years Cleopatra and Antony ruled Egypt together. The country had prospered, even in spite of the extravagance of its governors, and the Egyptians had shown a pride in their Roman ruler, as if he had done them great honor to remain and be one with them

Cæsario was approaching manhood—his mother's heart was centering her ambition in him—she called him her King of Kings, the name she had given to his father. Antony was fond of the young man, and put him forward at public fetes even in advance of Cleopatra, his daughter, and Alexander and Ptolemy, his twin boys by the same mother. In playful paraphrase of Cleopatra, Antony called her the Queen of Kings, and also the Mother of Kings.

Word reached Rome that these children of Cleopatra were being trained as if they were to rule the world—perhaps it was so to be! Octavius Cæsar scowled. For Antony to wed his sister, and then desert her, and bring up a brood of barbarians to menace the state, was a serious offense.

An order was sent commanding Antony to return—requests and prayers all having proved futile and fruitless

Antony had turned into fifty; his hair and beard were whitening with the frost of years. Cleopatra was near

forty—devoted to her children, being their nurse, instructor, teacher.

The books refer to the life of Antony and Cleopatra as being given over to sensuality, licentiousness, profligacy. Just a word here to state this fact: sensuality alone sickens and turns to satiety ere a single moon has run her course. Sensuality was a factor in the bond, because sensuality is a part of life, but sensuality alone soon separate a man and woman—it does not long unite. The bond that united Antony and Cleopatra cannot be disposed of by either the words "sensuality" or "licentiousness"—some other term here applies: make it what you wish.

A copy of Antony's will had been stolen from the Alexandria archives and carried to Rome by traitors in hope of personal reward. Cæsar read the will to the Senate. One clause of it was particularly offensive to Cæsar: it provided that on the death of Antony, wherever it might occur, his body should be carried to Cleopatra. The will also provided that the children of Cleopatra should be provided for first, and afterward the children of Fulvia and Octavia.

The Roman Senate heard the will, and declared Mark Antony an outlaw—a public enemy.

Ere long Cæsar himself took the field and the Roman legions were pressing down upon Egypt. The renegade Mark Antony was fighting for his life. For a time he was successful, but youth was no longer his, the spring had gone out of his veins, and pride and pros-

perity had pushed him toward fatty degeneration. ¶ His soldiers lost faith in him, and turned to the powerful name of Cæsar—a name to conjure with. A battle had been arranged between the fleet of Mark Antony and that of Cæsar. Mark Antony stood upon a hillside, overlooking the sea, and saw his valiant fleet approach, in battle array, the ships of the enemy. The two fleets met, hailed each other in friendly manner with their oars, turned and together sailed away.

On shore the cavalry had done the same as the soldiers on the sea—the infantry were routed.

Mark Antony was undone—he made his way back to the city, and as usual sought Cleopatra. The palace was deserted, save for a few servants. They said that the Queen had sent the children away some days before, and she was in the mausoleum.

To the unhappy man this meant that she was dead. He demanded that his one faithful valet, known by the fanciful name of Eros, should keep his promise and kill him. Eros drew his sword, and Antony bared his breast, but instead of striking the sword into the vitals of his master, Eros plunged the blade into his own body, and fell dead at his master's feet.

At which Mark Antony exclaimed, "This was well done, Eros—thy heart would not permit thee to kill thy master, but thou hast set him an example!" So saying he plunged his sword into his bowels.

The wound was not deep enough to cause immediate death; he begged the gathered attendants to kill him.

¶ Word had been carried to Cleopatra, who had moved into her mausoleum for safety. This monument and tomb had been erected some years before; it was made of square blocks of solid stone, and was the stoutest building in Alexandria. While Antony was outside the walls fighting, Cleopatra had carried into this building all of her jewelry, plate, costly silks, gold, silver, pearls, her private records and most valuable books. She had also carried into the mausoleum a large quantity of flax and several torches.

The intent was if Antony was defeated, and the city taken by Cæsar that the conqueror should not take the Queen alive, neither should he have her treasure. With her two women, Iras and Charmion, she entered the tomb, all agreeing that when the worst came they would fire the flax and die together.

When the Queen heard that Antony was at death's door, she ordered that he should be brought to her. He was carried on a litter to the iron gate of the tomb; but she, fearing treachery, would not unbar the door. Cords were let down from a window above and the Queen and her two women, by much effort, drew the stricken man up, and lifted him through the window.

¶ Cleopatra embraced him, calling him her lord, her life, her king, her husband. She tried to staunch his wound, but the death rattle was already in his throat. "Do not grieve," he said, "remember our love—remember, too, I fought like a Roman and have been overcome only by a Roman!"

And so holding him in her arms, Antony died. ¶ When Cæsar heard that his enemy was dead, he put on mourning for the man who had been his comrade and colleague, and sent messages of condolence to Cleopatra. He set apart a day for the funeral and ordered that the day should be sacred, and Cleopatra should not be disturbed in any way.

Cleopatra prepared the body for burial with her own hands, dug the grave alone, and with her women laid the body to rest, and she alone gave the funeral address. ¶ Cæsar was gentle, gracious, kind. Assurances came that he would do neither the city, nor the Queen, the slightest harm.

Cleopatra demanded Egypt for her children, and for herself she wished only the privilege of living with her grief in obscurity. Cæsar would make no promises for her children, but as for herself she should still be Queen—they were of one age—why should not Cæsar and Cleopatra still rule, just as a Cæsar had ruled before! ¶ But this woman had loved the Great Cæsar, and now her heart was in the grave with Mark Antony—she scorned the soft, insinuating promises.

She clothed herself in her most costly robes, wearing the pearls and gems that Antony had given her, and upon her head was the diadem that proclaimed her Queen. A courier from Cæsar's camp knocked at the door of the mausoleum, but he knocked in vain.

Finally a ladder was procured, and he climbed to the window through which the body of Antony had been

lifted. ¶ In the lower room he saw the Queen seated in her golden chair of state, robed and serene, dead. At her feet lay Iras, lifeless. The faithful Charmion stood as if in waiting at the back of her mistress' chair, giving a final touch to the diadem that sat upon the coils of her lustrous hair.

The messenger from Cæsar stood in the door aghast —orders had been given that Cleopatra should not be harmed, neither should she be allowed to harm herself. ¶ Now she had escaped!

"Charmion!" called the man in stern rebuke, "How was this done!"

"Done, sir," said Charmion "as became a daughter of the King of Egypt."

As the woman spoke the words she reeled, caught at the chair, fell, and was dead.

Some said these women had taken a deadly poison invented by Cleopatra and held against this day; others still told of how a countryman had brought a basket of figs, by appointment, covered over with green leaves, and in the basket was hidden an asp, that deadliest of serpents. Cleopatra had placed the asp in her bosom, and the other women had followed her example.

Cæsar still wearing mourning for Mark Antony went into retirement and for three days refused all visitors. But first he ordered that the body of Cleopatra, clothed as she had died, in her royal robes, should be placed in the grave beside the body of Mark Antony.

And it was so done.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF MARK ANTONY, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER & THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN FEBRUARY, OF THE YEAR MCMIII

THE PIANO

IS AN EVOLUTION

COMING down to us (or up) from a hunter's bow, which, when the string was plucked, "sang." Finally a savage stretched several kinds of strings upon one bow and found he could play a scale. It took several thousand years for this man's successors to construct a harp. A piano is a harp, with a mechanical arrangement of delicately balanced hammers to strike the strings. The perfect piano is yet in the Ideal City, but the

Starr Piano

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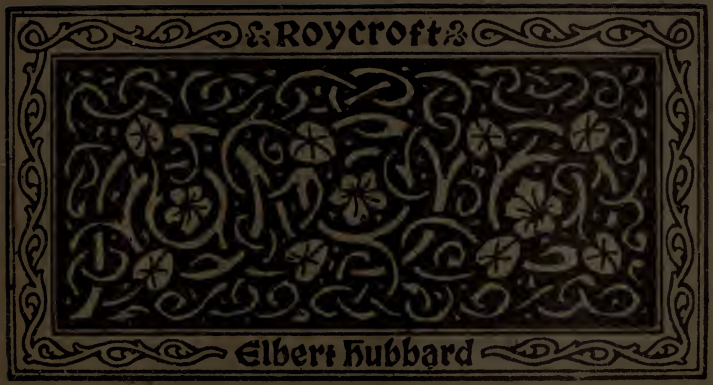


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Little Journeys
TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

SAVONAROLA

Vol. XII. MARCH, 1903. No. 3

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Savonarola

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

OME have narrowed their minds, and so fettered them with the chains of antiquity, that not only do they refuse to speak save as the ancients spake, but they refuse to think save as the ancients thought. God speaks to us, too, and the best thoughts are those now being vouchsafed to us. We will excel the ancients! SAVONAROLA.

THE wise ones say with a sigh, Genius does not reproduce itself. But let us take heart and remember that mediocrity does not always do so, either. The men of genius have often been the sons of commonplace parents—no hovel is safe from it.

The father of Girolamo Savonarola was a trifler, a spendthrift and a profligate. Yet he proved a potent teacher for his son, pressing his lessons home by the law of antithesis. The sons of dissipated fathers are often temperance fanatics. ¶The character of Savonarola's mother can be best gauged by the letters written to her by her son. Many of these have come down to us, and they breathe a love that is very gentle, very tender and yet very profound. That this woman had an intellect which went to the heart of things is shown in these letters: we write for those who understand, and the person to whom a letter is written gives the key that calls forth its quality. Great love-letters are written only to great women.

But the best teacher young Girolamo had was his grandfather, Dr. Michael Savonarola, a physician of Padua, and

a man of much wisdom, and common-sense, beside. Between the old man and his grandchild there was a very tender sentiment, that soon formed itself into an abiding bond. Together they rambled along the banks of the Po, climbed the hills in springtime looking for the first flowers, made collections of butterflies, and caught the sunlight in their hearts as it streamed across the valleys as the shadows lengthened. On these solitary little journeys they usually carried a copy of St. Thomas Aquinas, and seated on a rock the old man would read to the boy lying on the grass at his feet.

In a year or two the boy did the reading, and would expound the words of the Saint as he went along. ¶ The old grandfather was all bound up in this slim, delicate youngster with the olive complexion, and sober ways. There were brothers and sisters at home —big and strong—but this boy was different. He was not handsome enough to be much of a favorite with girls, nor strong enough to win the boys, and so he and the grandfather were chums together.

This thought of aloofness, of being peculiar, was first fostered in the lad's mind by the old man. It was n't exactly a healthy condition. The old man taught the boy to play the flute, and together they constructed a set of pipes—the pipes o' Pan—and out along the river they would play, when they grew tired of reading, and listen for the echo that came across the water. ¶ "There are voices calling to me," said the boy look-

ing up at the old man, one day, as they rested by the bank

"Yes, I believe it—you must listen for the Voice," said the old man.

And so the idea became rooted in the lad's mind that he was in touch with another world, and was a being set apart.

"Lord, teach me the way my soul should walk!" was his prayer. Doubt and distrust filled his mind, and his nights were filled with fear. This child without sin, believed himself to be a sinner.

But this feeling was all forgotten when another companion came to join them in their walks. This was a girl about the same age of Girolamo. She was the child of a neighbor—one of the Strozzi family. The Strozzi belonged to the nobility, but the Savonarolas were only peasants, yet with children there is no caste. So this trinity of boy, girl and grandfather were very happy. The old man taught his pupils to observe the birds and bees, to make tracings of the flowers, and listen to the notes he played on the pipes, so as to call them all by name. And then there was always the St. Thomas Aquinas to fall back upon should outward nature fail.

But there came a day when the boy and girl ceased to walk hand in hand, and instead of the delight and abandon of childhood there was hesitation and aloofness. ¶ When the parents of the girl forbade her playing with the boy, reminding her of the difference in their

station, and she came by stealth to bid the old man and Girolamo good-bye, the pride in the boy's heart flamed up: he clenched his fist—and feeling spent itself in tears.

When he looked up the girl was gone—they were never to meet again.

The grief of the boy pierced the heart of the old man and he murmured, "Joy liveth yet for a day, but the sorrow of man abideth forever."

Doubt and fear assailed the lad.

The efforts of his grandfather to interest him in the study of his own profession of medicine, failed. Religious brooding filled his days, and he became pale and weak from fasting.

He had grown in stature, but the gauntness of his face made his coarse features stand out, that he was almost repulsive. But this homeliness was relieved by the big, lustrous, brown eyes—eyes that challenged and beseeched in turn.

The youth was now a young man—eighteen summers lay behind, when he disappeared from home.

Soon came a letter from Bologna in which Girolamo explained at length to his mother that the world's wickedness was to him intolerable, its ambition ashes, and its hopes not worth striving for. He had entered the monastery of St. Dominico, and to save his family the pain of parting he had stolen quietly away. "I have hearkened to the Voice," he said.

SAVONAROLA remained in the monastery at Bologna for six years, scarcely passing beyond its walls. These were years of ceaseless study, writing, meditation—work. He sought the most menial occupations—doing tasks that others cautiously evaded. His simplicity, earnestness and austerity won the love and admiration of the monks, and they sought to make life more congenial to him, by advancing him to the office of teacher to the novitiates. ¶He declared his unfitness to teach, and it was an imperative order, and not a suggestion, that forced him to forsake the business of scrubbing corridors on hands and knees, and array himself in the white robe of a teacher and reader.

The office of teacher and that of an orator are not far apart—it is all a matter of expression. The first requisite in expression is animation—you must feel in order to impart feeling. No drowsy, lazy, disinterested, half-hearted, selfish, pre-occupied, trifling person can teach—to teach you must have life, and life in abundance. You must have abandon—you must project yourself, and inundate the room with your presence. To infuse life, and a desire to remember, to know, to become, into a class of a dozen pupils is to reveal the power of an orator. If you can fire the minds of a few with your own spirit, you can, probably, also fuse and weld

a thousand in the same way. ¶ Savonarola taught his little class of novitiates, and soon the older monks dropped in to hear the discourse. A larger room was necessary, and in a short time the semi-weekly informal talk resolved itself into a lecture, and every seat was occupied when it was known that Brother Girolamo would speak.

This success suggested to the Prior that Savonarola be sent out to preach in the churches round about, and it was so done.

But outside the monastery Savonarola was not a success—he was precise, exact, and labored to make himself understood—freedom had not yet come to him. ¶ But let us wait! ¶ One of America's greatest preachers was well past forty before he evolved abandon, swung himself out clear, and put for open sea. Uncertainty and anxiety are death to oratory.

In every monastery there are two classes of men—the religious, the sincere, the earnest, the austere; and the fat, lazy, profligate and licentious.

And the proportion of the first class to the second changes just in proportion as the monastery is successful—to succeed in nature is to die. The fruit much loved by the sun rots first. The early monasteries were mendicant institutions, and for mendicancy to grow rich is an anomaly that carries a penalty. A successful beggar is apt to be haughty, arrogant, dictatorial—from an humble request for alms to a demand for your purse, is but a step. In

either case the man wants something that is not his —there are three ways to get it: earn it, beg it, seize it. The first method is absurd—to dig I am ashamed —the second, easy, the last is best of all, provided objection is not too strenuous. Beggars a-horseback are knights of the road.

That which comes easy, goes easy, and so it is the most natural thing in the world for a monk to become a connoisseur of wines, an expert gourmet, a sensualist who plays the limit. The monastic impulse begins in the beautiful desire for solitude—to be alone with God—and ere it runs its gamut, dips deep into license and wallows in folly.

The austere monk leaves woman out, the other kind enslaves her: both are wrong, for man can never advance and leave woman behind. God never intended that man, made in his image, should be either a beast or a fool.

And here we are wiser than Savonarola—noble, honest and splendid man that he was. He saw the wickedness of the world and sought to shun it by fleeing to a monastery. There he saw the wickedness of the monastery and there being no place to flee, he sought to purify it. And at the same time he sought to purify and better the world by standing outside of the world.

¶ The history of the Church is a history of endeavor to keep it from drifting into the thing it professes not to be—concrete selfishness. The Church began in humility and simplicity, and when it became successful

behold it became a thing of pomp, pride, processional, crowns, jewels, rich robes and a power that used itself to subjugate and subdue, instead of the pity that would uplift and lead by love.

Oh, the shame of it!

And Savonarola saw these things—saw them to the exclusion of everything else—and his cry continually was for a return to the religion of Jesus the Carpenter, the Man who gave his life that others might live.

The Christ spirit filled the heart of Savonarola. His soul was wrung with pity for the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed: and he had insight sufficient into economics to know that where greed, gluttony and idleness abound, there too stalks oppression, suffering and death. The palaces of the rich are built on the bones of the poor.

Others, high in Church authority, saw these things, too, and knew no less than Savonarola the need of reform—they gloried in his ringing words of warning, and they admired no less his example of austerity. ¶They could not do the needed work, perhaps he could do a little, at least.

And so he was transferred to St. Mark's Monastery at Florence—the place that needed him most.

Florence was the acknowledged seat of art and polite learning of all Italy, and St. Mark's was the chief glory of the Church in Florence.

Florence was prosperous and so was St. Mark's, and have we not said that there is something in pure

prosperity that taints the soul? ¶ Savonarola was sent to St. Mark's merely as a teacher and lecturer. Bologna was full of gloom and grime—the bestiality there was untamed. Here everything was gilded, gracious and good to look upon. The cloister walks were embowered in climbing roses, the walls decorated fresh from the brush of Fra Angelico, and the fountains in the gardens, adorned by naked cupids, sent their sparkling beads aloft to greet the sunlight.

Brother Girolamo had never seen such beauty before—its gracious essence enfolded him 'round, and for a few short hours lifted that dead weight of abiding melancholy from his soul.

When he lectured he was surprised to find many fashionable ladies in his audience—learning was evidently a fad. He saw that it was expected that he should be amusing, diverting, and incidentally, instructive. He had only one mode of preaching—this was earnest exhortation to a higher life, the life of austerity, simplicity and nearness to God, by laboring to benefit His children. ¶ He mumbled through his lecture and retired, abashed and humiliated.



T was the year 1482, and the whole world was a-thrill with thought and feeling. Lorenzo the Magnificent was at the height of his power and popularity; printing presses gave letters an impetus; art flourished; the people were dazzled by display and were dipping deep into the love of pleasure. The austerity of Christian religion had glided off by imperceptible degrees into pagan pageantry, and the song of bacchanals filled the streets at midnight. ¶ Lorenzo did for the world a great and splendid work—for one thing, he discovered Michael Angelo—and the encouragement he gave to the arts made Florence the beautiful dream in stone that she is even to this day. ¶ The world needs the Lorenzos and the world needs the Savonarolas—they form an Opposition of Forces that holds the balance true. Power left to itself attains a terriffic impetus—a governor is needed—and it was Savonarola who tempered and tamed the excesses of the Medici.

In 1483 Savonarola was appointed Lenten preacher at the Church of St. Lorenzo in Florence. His exhortations were plain, homely, blunt—his voice uncertain, and his ugly features at times inclined his fashionable auditors to unseemly smiles. When ugliness forgets itself and gives off the flash of the spirit it becomes magnificent—takes upon itself a halo—but this was

not yet to be. ¶ The orator must subdue his audience or it will subdue him.

Savonarola retired to his cloister cell, whipped and discouraged. He took no part in the festivals and fetes: the Gardens of Lorenzo were not for him; the society of the smooth and cultured lovers of art and literature was beyond his pale. Being incapable by temperament of mixing in the whirl of pleasure, he found a satisfaction in keeping out of it, thus proving his humanity. Not being able to have a thing, we scorn it. Men who cannot dance are apt to regard dancing as sinful.

Savonarola saw things as a countryman sees them when he goes to a great city for the first time. There is much that is wrong—very much that is wasteful, extravagant, absurd and pernicious, but it is not all base, and the visitor is apt to err in his conclusions, especially if he be of an intense and ascetic type.

Savonarola was sick at heart, sick in body—fasts and vigils had done their sure and certain work for nerves and digestion. He saw visions and heard voices, and in the Book of Revelation he discovered the symbols of prophesy that foretold the doom of Florence. He felt that he was divinely inspired.

In the outside world he saw only the worst—and this was well.

He believed that he was one sent from God to cleanse the Church of its iniquities—and he was right.

These mad men are needed—Nature demands them,

and so God makes them to order. They are ignorant of what the many know, and this is their advantage; they are blind to all but a few things, and therein lies their power.

The belief in his mission filled the heart of Savonarola. Gradually he gained ground, made head, and the Prior of St. Mark's did what the Prior of St. Dominico's had done at Bologna—he sent the man out on preaching tours among the churches and monasteries. The austerity and purity of his character, the sublimity of his faith, and his relentless war upon the extravagance of the times, made his presence valuable to the Church. Then in all personal relationships the man was most lovable—gentle, sympathetic, kind. Wherever he went his influence was for the best.

Power plus came to him for the first time at Brescia in 1486. The sermon he gave was one he had given many times, in fact, he never had but one theme—flee from the wrath to come, and accept the pardon of the gentle Christ ere it is too late—ere it is too late.

¶ Much of what passes for oratory is merely talk, lecture, harangue and argument. These things may all be very useful, and surely they have their place in the world of work and business, but oratory is another thing. Oratory is the impassioned outpouring of a heart—a heart full to bursting: it is the absolute giving of soul to soul.

Every great speech is an evolution—it must be given many times before it becomes a part of the man him-

self. Oratory is the ability to weld a mass of people into absolutely one mood. To do this the orator must lose himself in his subject—he must cast expediency to the winds. And more than this, his theme must always be an appeal for humanity. Invective, threat, challenge, all play their parts, but love is the great recurring theme that winds in and out through every great sermon or oration. Pathos is only possible where there is great love, and pathos is always present in the oration that subdues, that convinces, that wins, and sends men to their knees in abandonment of their own wills. The audience is the female element—the orator the male, and love is the theme. The orator comes in the name of God to give protection—freedom.

¶ Usually the great orator is on the losing side. And this excites on the part of the audience the feminine attribute of pity, and pity fused with admiration gives us love—thus does love act and react on love.

Oratory supplies the most sublime gratification which the gods have to give. To subdue the audience and blend mind with mind affords an intoxication beyond the ambrosia of Elysium. When Sophocles pictured the god Mercury seizing upon the fairest daughter of Earth and carrying her away through the realms of space, he had in mind the power of the orator, which through love lifts up humanity and sways men by a burst of feeling that brooks no resistance.

¶ Oratory is the child of democracy—it pleads for the weak, for the many against the few, and no great

speech was ever yet made save in behalf of mankind. The orator feels their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their desires, their aspirations, their sufferings and pains. They may have wandered far, but his arms are open wide for their return. Here alone does soul respond to soul. And it is love, alone, that fuses feeling so that all are of one mind and mood. Oratory is an exercise of power.

But oratory, like all sublime pleasures, pays its penalty—this way madness lies. The great orator has ever been a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief. Oratory points the martyr's path; it leads by the thorn road; and those who have trod the way, have carried the cross with bleeding feet, and deep into their side has been thrust the spear.



IT was not until his fortieth year that Savonarola attained that self-sufficiency and complete self-reliance that marks a man who is fit for martyrdom. Courage comes only to those who have done the thing before.

By this time Savonarola had achieved enemies, and several dignitaries had done him the honor of publicly answering him. His invective was against the sins of Church and Society, but his enemies instead of defending their cause did the very natural thing of inveighing against Savonarola.

Thus did they divert attention from the question at issue. Personal abuse is often more effective than argument, and certainly much more easy to wield. ¶ Savonarola was getting himself beautifully misunderstood. Such words as fanatic, pretender, agitator, heretic, renegade and "dangerous," were freely hurled at him. They said he was pulling down the pillars of society. He seriously considered retiring entirely from the pulpit; and as a personal vindication and that his thoughts might live, he wrote a book, "The Triumph of the Cross." This volume contains all his philosophy and depicts truth as he saw it. ¶ Let a reader, ignorant of the author, peruse this book today, and he will find in it only the oft-repeated appeal of a believer in "Primitive Christianity." Purity

of life, sincerity, simplicity, earnestness, loyalty to God and love to man—these are very old themes, yet they can never die. Zeal can always fan them into flame. ¶ Savonarola was an unconscious part of the great "humanist" movement.

Savonarola, John Knox, the Wesleys, Calvin, Luther, the Puritans, Huguenots, Quakers, Shakers, Mennonites and Dunkards—all are one. The scientist sees species under all the manifold manifestations of climate, environment and local condition.

Florence was a republic, but it is only eternal vigilance that can keep a republic a republic. The strong man who assumes the reins is continually coming to the fore, and the people diplomatically handled are quite willing to make him king, provided he continues to call himself "Citizen."

Lorenzo de Medici ruled Florence, yet occupied no office, and assumed no title. He dictated the policy of the government, filled all the offices, and ministered the finances. Incidentally he was a punctilious Churchman—obeying the formula—and the Church at Florence was within his grasp no less than the police. The secret of this power lay in the fact that he handled the "sinews of war"—no man ever yet succeeded largely in a public way who was not a financier, or else one who owned a man who was. Public power is a matter of money, wisely used.

To divert, amuse and please the people is a necessity to the ruler, for power at the last is derived from the

people, and no government endures that is not founded on the consent of the governed. If you would rule either a woman or a nation, you would better gain consent. To secure this consent you must say "please."

¶ The gladiatorial shows of Greece, the games, contests, displays, all the barbaric splendor of processions, music, fetes, festivals, chants, robes and fantastic fol de rol of Rome—ancient and modern—the boom of guns in sham battles, coronations, thrones and crowns are all manifestations of this great game of power.

The people are children, and must be pleased.

But eventually the people reach adolescence—knowledge comes to them—to a few at least—and they perceive that they themselves foot all bills, and pay in sweat and tears and blood for all this pomp of power.

¶ They rise in their might, like a giant aroused from sleep, and the threads that bound them are burst asunder. They themselves assume the reins of government, and we have a republic.

And this republic endures until some republican, coming in the name of the people, waxes powerful and evolves into a plutocrat who assumes the reins, and the cycle goes its round and winds itself up on the reel of time.

Savonarola thundered against the extravagance, moral riot and pomp of the rich—and this meant the Medici, and all those who fed at the public trough, and prided themselves on their patriotism.

Lorenzo grew uneasy, and sent requests that the preacher moderate his tone in the interests of public weal. Savonarola sent back words that were unbecoming in one addressing a ruler.

Then it was that Lorenzo the Magnificent, also the wise and wily, resolved on a great diplomatic move. ¶ He had the fanatical and troublesome monk, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, made Prior of the Monastery of St. Mark's—success was the weapon that would undo him.

Of course, Lorenzo did not act directly in the matter—personally he did not appear at all.

Now the Prior of St. Mark's had the handling of large sums of money, the place could really be the home of a prince if the Prior wished to be one; and all he had to do was to follow the wishes of the Magnificent Lorenzo.

"Promote him," said Lorenzo, "and his zeal will dilute itself, and culture will come to take the place of frenzy. Art is better than austerity, and silken robes and 'broidered chasubles are preferable to horse-hair and rope. A crown looks better than a tonsure."

And Savonarola became Prior of St. Mark's.

Now the first duty, according to established custom, of a newly appointed Prior was to call, in official robes, and pay his respects to Lorenzo, the nominal governor of Florence. It was just a mere form, you know—simply showing the people that St. Mark's was still loyal to the State.

Lorenzo appointed a day and sent word that at a certain hour he would be pleased to welcome the Prior, and congratulate him upon his elevation. At the same time the Prior was expected to say mass in the private chapel of the governor, and bestow his blessing upon the House of the Medici.

But Savonarola treated the invitation to call with disdain, and turned the messengers of Lorenzo away with scant courtesy. Instead of joining hands with Lorenzo he preached a sermon at the Cathedral, bitterly arraigning the aristocracy, prophesying their speedy downfall, and beseeching all men who wished to be saved to turn, repent, make restitution and secure the pardon of God ere it was too late. The sermon shook the city, and other addresses of the same tenor followed daily. It was a "revival," of the good old Methodist kind—and religious emotion drifting into frenzy is older far than history.

The name of Lorenzo was not mentioned personally, but all saw it was a duel to death between the plain people and the silken and perfumed rulers. It was the same old fight—personified by Savonarola on one side and Lorenzo on the other.

Lorenzo sunk his pride and went to St. Mark's for an interview with the Prior. He found a man of adamant and iron, one blind and deaf to political logic, one who scorned all persuasion and in whose lexicon there was no such word as expediency.

Lorenzo turned away whipped and disappointed—the

prophecies of impending doom had even touched his own stout heart. He was stricken with fever, and the extent of his fear is shown, that in his extremity he sent for the Prior of St. Mark's to come to his bedside.

¶ Even there, Savonarola was not softened. Before granting absolution to the sick man, he demanded three things. "First, you must repent and feel a true faith in God, who in his mercy alone can pardon."

¶ Lorenzo assented.

"Second, you must give up your ill-gotten wealth to the people."

Lorenzo groaned, and finally reluctantly agreed.

"Third, you must restore to Florence her liberty."

¶ Lorenzo groaned and moaned, and turned his face to the wall.

Savonarola grimly waited half an hour, but no sign coming from the stricken man, he silently went his way. ¶ The next day Lorenzo the Magnificent, aged forty-two, died—died unabsolved.



ORENZO left three sons. The eldest was Pietro, just approaching his majority, who was the recognized successor of his father. The second son was Giuliano who had already been made a cardinal at thirteen years of age, and who was destined to be the powerful Pope, Leo X.

The death of Lorenzo had been indirectiy foretold by Savonarola, and now some of his disciples were not slow in showing an ill-becoming exultation. They said, "I told you so!" The intensity of the revival increased, and there was danger of its taking on the form of revolution.

Savonarola saw this mob spirit at work, and for a time moderated his tone. But there were now occasional outbreaks between his followers and those of the Medici. A guard was necessary to protect Savonarola as he passed from St. Mark's to the different churches where he preached. The police and soldiers were on the side of the aristocracy who supported them.

The Pope had been importuned to use his influence to avert the threatened harm to "true religion." Savonarola should be silenced, said the aristocrats, and that speedily.

A letter came from Pope Alexander, couched in most gentle and gracious words, requesting Savonarola to come to Rome, and there give exhibition of his won-

drous gifts. ¶Savonarola knew that he was dealing with a Borgia—a man who cajoled, bought and bribed, and when these failed there were noose, knife and poison close at hand. The Prior of St. Mark's could deal with Lorenzo in Florence, but with Alexander at Rome he would be undone. The iniquities of the Borgia family far exceeded the sins of the Medici, and in his impassioned moments Savonarola had said as much.

At Rome he would have to explain these things—and to explain them, would be to repeat them. Alexander stood for nepotism, which is the sugared essence of that time-honored maxim, "To the victor belong the spoils." The world has never seen so little religion and so much pretence as during the reign of the Borgias. ¶At this time when offenders were called to Rome, it sometimes happened that they were never again heard from. Beneath the Castle St. Angelo were dungeons—no records were kept—and the stories told of human bones found in walled-up cells are no idle tales. An iron collar circling the neck of a skeleton that was once a man is a sight these eyes have seen. ¶Prison records open to the public, are a comparatively new thing, and the practice of "doctoring" a record has, until recently, been quite in vogue.

Savonarola acknowledged the receipt of the Pope's request, but made excuses, and asked for time.

Alexander certainly did all he could to avoid an open rupture with the Prior of St. Mark's. He was in-

wardly pleased when Savonarola affronted the Medici —it was a thing he dared not do—and if the religious revival could be localized and kept within bounds, all would have been well. It had now gone far enough; if continued, and Rome should behold such scenes as Florence had witnessed, the Holy See itself would not be safe.

Alexander accepted the excuses of Savonarola with much courtesy. Soon word came that the Prior of St. Mark's was to be made a cardinal, but the gentle hint went with the message, that the red hat was to be in the nature of a reward for bringing about peace at Florence.

Peace! Peace! how could there be peace unless Savonarola bowed his head to the rule of the aristocrats? ¶His sermons were often interrupted—stones were thrown through the windows when he preached. The pulpit where he was to speak had been filled with filth, and the skin of an ass tacked over the sacred desk. Must he go back?

To the offer of the cardinal's hat he sent this message: "No hat will I have but that of a martyr reddened with my own blood."

The tactics of the Pope now changed, he sent an imperative order that Savonarola should present himself at Rome, and give answer to the charges there made against him.

Savonarola silently scorned the message.

The Pope was still patient. He would waive the insult

to himself, if Florence would only manage to take care of her own troubles. But importunities kept coming that Savonarola should be silenced—the power of the man had grown until Florence was absolutely under his subjection. Bonfires of pictures, books and statuary condemned by him, had been burned in the streets; and the idea was carried to Rome that there was danger of the palaces being pillaged. Florence could deal with the man, but would not so long as he was legally a part of the Church.

Then it was that the Pope issued his Bull of excommunication, and the order removing Savonarola from his office as Prior of St. Mark's.

The answer of Savonarola was a sermon in the form of a defiance. He claimed, and rightly, that he was no heretic—no obligations that the Church asked had he ever disregarded, and therefore the Pope had no right to silence him.

He made his appeal to the rulers of the world, and declared that Alexander was no Pope, because he had deliberately bought his way to the Vatican.

There was now a brief struggle between the authorities of the Pope and those of Florence as to who should have the man. The Pope wanted him to be secretly captured and taken to Rome for trial. Alexander feared the publicity that Florence would give to the matter—he knew a shorter way.

But Florence stood firm. Savonarola had now retired to St. Mark's and his followers barricaded the posi-

tion. The man might have escaped, and the authorities hoped he would, but there he remained, holding the place, and daily preaching to the faithful few who stood by him.

Finally the walls were stormed, and police, soldiers and populace overran the monastery. Savonarola remained passive, and he even reproved several of the monks who, armed with clubs, made stout resistance.

¶ The warrants for arrest called only for Fra Girolamo, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro—these last being his most faithful disciples, preaching often in his pulpit and echoing his words.

The prisoners were bound and hurried through the streets toward the Piazzo Signoria. The soldiers made a guard of spears and shields around them, but this did not prevent their being pelted with mud and stones.

¶ They were lodged in separate cells, in the prison portion of the Palazzo Vecchio, and each was importuned to recant the charges made against the Pope and the Medici. All refused, when even told that the others had recanted.

Savonarola's judges were chosen from among his most bitter foes. He was brought before them, and ordered to take back his accusations.

He remained silent.

Threatened, he answered in parable.

He was then taken to the torture cell, stripped of all clothing, and a thin, strong rope passed under his arms. He was suddenly drawn up, and dropped.

This was repeated until the cord around the man's body cut the skin and his form was covered with blood. ¶The physically sensitive nature of the man gave way and he recanted.

Being taken to his cell he repeated all he had said against the Pope, and called aloud, "Lord Jesus, pardon me that I forsook thy truth—it was the torture —I now repeat all I ever said from thy pulpit—Lord Jesus, pardon!"

Again he was taken to the torture chamber and all was gone over as before.

He and his two companions were now formally condemned to death and their day of execution set.

To know the worst is peace—it is uncertainty that kills. ¶A great calm came over Savonarola—he saw the gates of Heaven opening for him. He was able now to sleep and eat. The great brown eyes beamed with love and benediction, and his hands were raised only in blessing to friend and foe alike.

The day of execution came, and the Piazza Signoria was filled with a vast concourse of people. Every spare foot of space was taken. Platforms had been erected and seats sold for fabulous prices. Every window was filled with faces.

An elevated walk had been built out from the second story of the prison to the executioner's platform. From this high scaffold rose a great cross with ropes and chains dangling from the arms. Below were piled high heaps of fagots, saturated with oil.

There was a wild exultant yell from the enemies of the men on their appearance, but others of the adversary appeared dazed at their success, and it seemed for a few moments as if pity would take the place of hate, and the mob would demand the release of the men.

The prisoners walked firmly and conversed in undertone, encouraging each other to stand firm. Each held a crucifix and pressed it to his lips, repeating the creed. Half way across to the gibbet, they were stopped, the crucifixes torn from their hands, and their priestly robes stripped from them. There they stood, clad only in scant underclothes, in sight of the mob that seethed and mocked. Sharp sticks were thrust up between the crevices of the board walk, so blood streamed from their bare feet.

Having advanced so that they stood beneath the gibbet, their priestly robes were again thrown over them, and once more torn off by a bishop who repeated the words, "Thus do I sever you from the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant!"

"Not the Church Triumphant!" answered Savonarola in a loud voice, "You cannot do that."

In order to prolong the torture of Savonarola his companions were hanged first, before his eyes.

When his turn came he stepped lightly to his place between the dead and swinging bodies of his brethren. As the executioner was adjusting the cord about his neck, his great tender eyes were raised to heaven

and his lips moved in prayer as the noose tightened. ¶ The chains were quickly fastened about the bodies to hold them in place, and scarcely had the executioner upon the platform slid down the ladders, than the waiting torches below fired the pile and the flames shot heavenward and licked the great cross where the three bodies swayed.

The smoke soon covered them from view.

Then suddenly there came a gust of wind that parted the smoke and flames, and the staring mob, now silent, saw that the fire had burned the thongs that bound the arms of Savonarola. One hand was uplifted in blessing and benediction. So died Savonarola.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF SAVONAROLA, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS & ORNAMENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, IN THE YEAR MCMIII

¶ NO AGENCY or Lecture Bureau has authority to book engagements for Mr. Elbert Hubbard the coming season. Hereafter the Pastor will largely eliminate the eloquence, and work his logic up into literature. Possibly, however, he may give a few addresses on occasional trips he may make for the rejuvenation of his cosmos; so if you are desirous of Oratorical Vibrations, write the Cublet & he may arrange it.

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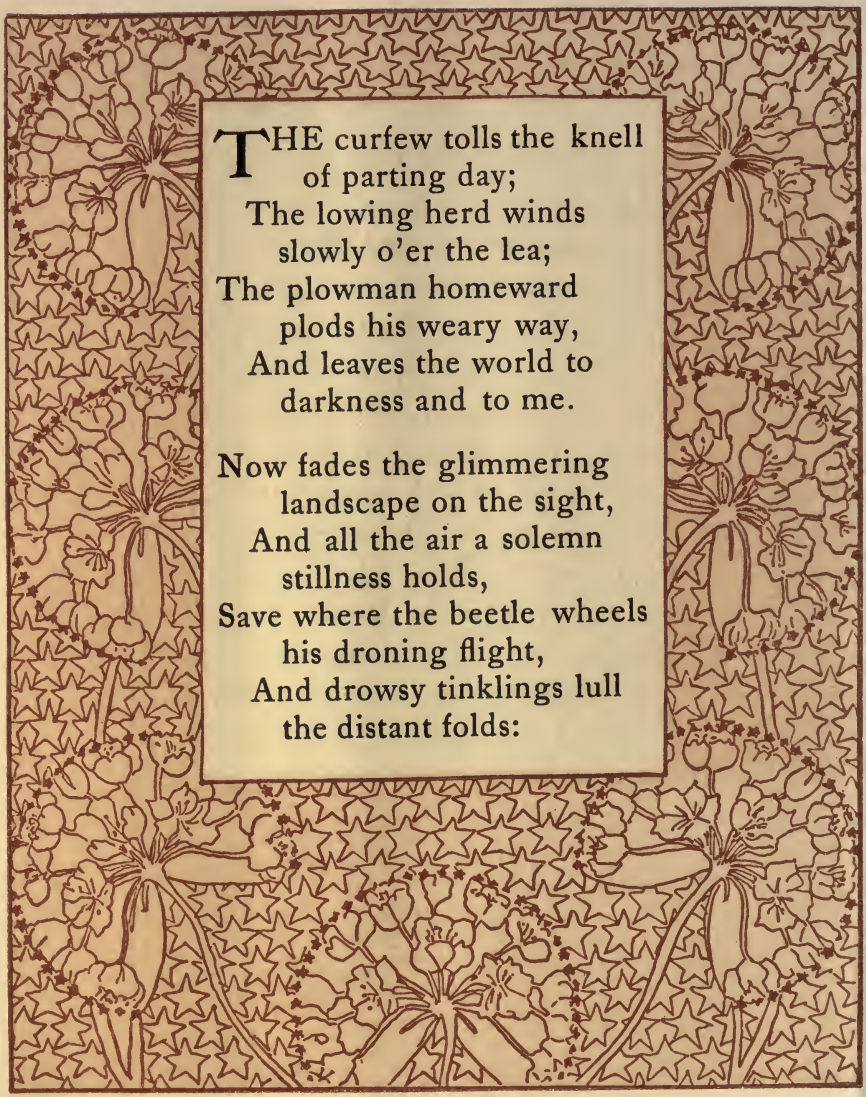
East Aurora, February 5, 1903.

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Fraternally yours,

ELBERT HUBBARD.


THE curfew tolls the knell
of parting day;
The lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward
plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to
darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering
landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn
stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels
his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull
the distant folds:



Savonarola

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GRAY'S ELEGY

Roycroft Edition

¶ Opposite this is a page from the Roycroft Edition of "Gray's Elegy." There may have been better, more unique, and more artistic books than this printed in America, but we do not just remember what they are. The sample page shown does not reveal the beauty of the book, for of course it is not hand-illumined, and the paper is not equal to that used in the book. It just kind of gives you a chance to let your inward eye behold the wondrous beauty of a book, which might have been made in heaven, to use the language of Charles Lamb.

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TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

MARTIN LUTHER

Vol. XII. APRIL, 1903. No. 4

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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The Magazine PEDESTAL

shown herewith has been about the best selling piece of furniture we have made. It is artistic, serviceable, and withal very beautiful. The pedestal is of oak, hand-made and is 5 feet 3 inches in height. The price is $20.00. The old carpenter has just finished half a dozen, three being in light brown and three in weathered oak. If these are all sold when your order comes, we can make you one in about ten days.

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THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA New York

FAT BABIES
Are Famous Sleepers

The saying: "Sleepy as a fat baby" expresses a good deal, for fat babies are famous little fellows to sleep. What a contrast is their refreshing rest to the pitching and tossing of a sleepless coffee drinker. A good elder of Springfield, Ill., found a way to bring refreshing sleep in place of insomnia. "Until three years ago," he says, "for fifteen years I was troubled with a throbbing in my stomach, was very nervous, kidneys out of order, troubled with severe headaches and dreadful insomnia.

"After trying all sorts of remedies, I came to the conclusion that my troubles were the result of drinking coffee, and seeing an article in the paper about Postum I determined to try it. So I quit coffee and took on Postum. It agreed with me from the first cup. At first I drank it diluted, then pure. I relished it, too, and to my great joy I was soon free from stomach trouble, nervousness all gone and head clear, and instead of being wakeful for half the night I sleep like a fat baby and get up in the morning refreshed. This I owe to having quit coffee and taken to drinking Postum." Name furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Nothing marvelous about it, but there is a reason. If healthy sound sleep is worth anything to you, drop coffee and give Postum a short trial—say ten days. That will tell the tale.

Little Journeys

To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Luther

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

NLY slaves die of overwork. Work a weariness, a danger, forsooth! Those who say so can know very little about it. Labor is neither cruel nor ungrateful; it restores the strength we give it a hundred-fold and, unlike your financial operations, the revenue is what brings in the capital. Put soul into your work and joy and health will be yours!

LUTHER.



Martin Luther

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THE idea of the monastery is as old as man, and its rise is as natural as the birth and death of the seasons.

We need society, and we need solitude. But it happens again and again that man gets a surfeit of society—he is thrown with those who misunderstand him, who thwart him, who contradict his nature, who bring out the worst in his disposition: he is sapped of his strength, and then he longs for solitude. He would go alone up into the mountain. What is called the "monastic impulse" comes over him—he longs to be alone—alone with God.

The monastic impulse can be traced back a thousand years before Christ: the idea is neither Christian, Jewish, Philistine, nor Buddhist. Every people of which we know have had their hermits and recluses.

The communal thought is a form of monasticism—it is a-getting away from the world. Monasticism does not necessarily imply celibacy, but as unrequited or misplaced love is usually the precursor of the monastic impulse, celibacy or some strange idea on the sex problem usually is in evidence.

Monasticism has many forms: College Settlements, Zionism, Deaconess Homes, Faith Cottages, Shakerism, Mormonism are all manifestations of the impulse to get away from the world, and still benefit the world by standing outside of it. This desire to get away from the world and still mix in it, shows that monasticism is not quite sincere—we want society no less than we want solitude. Very seldom, indeed, has a monk ever gone away and remained: he comes back to the world, occasionally, to beg, or sell things, and to "do good."

The rise of the Christian monastery begins with Paul the Hermit, who in the year 250 withdrew to an oasis in the desert, and lived in a cave before which was a single palm-tree, and a spring.

Other men worn with strife, tired of stupid misunderstanding, persecution and unkind fate, came to him. And there they lived in common. The necessity of discipline and order naturally suggested themselves, so they made rules that governed conduct. The day was divided up into periods when the inmates of this first monastery prayed, communed with the silence, worked and studied.

Within a hundred years there were similar religious communities at fifty or more places in Upper Egypt.

¶ Women have always imitated men, and soon nunneries sprang up here and there. In fact, the nunnery has a little more excuse for being than the monastery. In a barbaric society an unattached woman needs

protection, and this she got in the nunnery. Even so radical a thinker as Max Muller regarded the nunnery as a valuable agent in giving dignity to woman's estate. If she was mistreated and desired protection, she could find refuge in this sanctuary. She became the Bride of Christ, and through the protection of the convent, man was forced to be civil and chivalry came to take the place of force.

Most monasteries have been mendicant institutions. As early as the year 500 we read of the monks going abroad a-questing, a bag on their backs. They begged as a business, and some became very expert at it, just as we have expert evangelists and expert debt-raisers. They took anything that anybody had to give. They begged in the name of the poor; and as they traveled they undertook to serve those who were poorer than themselves. They were distributing agents.

They ceased to do manual labor and scorned those who did. They traversed the towns and highways by trios and asked alms at houses or of travelers. Occasionally they carried cudgels, and if such a pair asked for alms it was usually equal to a demand. These monks made acquaintances, they had their friends among men and women, and often being far from home they were lodged and fed by the householders. In some instances the alms given took the form of a tax which the sturdy monks collected with startling regularity. We hear of their dividing the country up into districts, and each man having a route that he jeal-

ously guarded. ¶ They came in the name of the Lord —they were supposed to have authority. They said, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." They blessed those who gave; and cursed those who refused. Some of them presumed to forgive the sins of those who paid. And soon the idea suggested itself of forgiving in advance, or granting an indulgence. They made promises of mansions in the skies to those who conformed, and threatened with the pains of hell those who declined their requests. So the monks occasionally became rich.

And when they grew rich they often became arrogant, dictatorial, selfish, gluttonous and licentious. They undertook to manage the government which they had before in their poverty renounced. They hired servants to wait upon them. The lust of power and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of the heart all became manifest.

However, there were always a few men, pure of heart and earnest in purpose, who sought to stem the evil tendencies. And so the history of monasticism and the history of the Church is the record of a struggle against idleness and corruption. To shave a man's head, give him a new name, and clothe him in strange garments, does not change his nature. Monks grown rich and powerful will become idle, and the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience are then mere jokes and jests. ¶ No man knew this better than Benedict who lived in the Sixth Century. The profligacy, ignorance and

selfishness of the fat and idle monks appalled him. With the aid of Cassiodorus he set to work to reform the monasteries by interesting the inmates in beautiful work. Cassiodorus taught men to write, illumine and bind books. Through Italy, France and Germany he traveled and preached the necessity of manual labor, and the excellence of working for beauty. The art impulse in the nunneries and monasteries began with Benedict and Cassiodorus, who worked hand in hand for beauty, purity and truth. Benedict had the greater executive ability, but Cassiodorus had the more far-reaching and subtle intellect. He anticipated all that we have to say to-day on the New Education—the necessity of playing off one faculty of the mind against another through manual labor, play and art creation. He even anticipated the primal idea of the Kindergarten, for he said, "The pleasurable emotion that follows the making of beautiful forms with one's hands is not a sin, like unto the pleasure that is gained for the sake of pleasure—rather to do good and beautiful work is incense to the nostrils of God."

In all Benedictine monasteries flagellations ceased, discipline was relaxed, and the inmates were enjoined to use their energies in their work, and find peace by imitating God, and like Him, creating beautiful things. ¶ Beautiful book-making traces its genesis directly to Benedict and Cassiodorus.

But a hundred years after the death of these great men, the necessity of reform was as great as ever,

and other men took up the herculean task. ¶ And so it has happened that every century men have arisen who protested against the abuses inside the Church. The Church has tried to keep religion pure, but when she has failed and scandalized society at large, governments have taken the matter up, and the monasteries were wiped out of existence and their property confiscated. Since the Fifteenth Century, regularly once every hundred years, France has driven the monks from her borders, and in this year of our Lord 1903 she is doing what Napoleon did a hundred years ago; what Cromwell did in England in 1645; what has been done time and again in every corner of Christendom.

Martin Luther's quarrel with the Church began simply as a protest against certain practices of the monks, and that his protests should develop into a something called "Protestantism" was a thing he never for a moment anticipated, or desired. He had no thought of building an institution on negation; and that he should be driven from the Church because he loved the Church and was trying to purify and benefit it, was a source to him of deepest grief.



ARTIN LUTHER was thirty-five years old. He was short in stature, inclining to be stout, strenuous and bold. His faults and his virtues were all on the surface. He neither deceived nor desired to deceive—the distinguishing feature of his character was frankness. He was an Augustinian monk, serving as a teacher in the University of Wittenberg.

Up to this time his life had been uneventful. His parents had been very poor people—his father a day laborer, working in the copper mines. In his boyhood Martin was "stubborn and intractable," which means that he had life plus. His teachers had tried to repress him by flogging him "fifteen times in a forenoon," as he himself has told us.

In childhood he used to beg upon the streets, and so he could the better beg he was taught to sing. This rough early experience wore off all timidity and put "stage-fright" forever behind. He could not remember a time when he could not sing a song or make a speech

That he developed all the alertness and readiness of tongue and fist of the street urchin there is no doubt. ¶ When he was taken into a monastery at eighteen years of age, the fact that he was a good singer and a most successful beggar, were points of excellence that

were not overlooked. ¶ That the young man was stubbornly honest in his religious faith, there is not a particle of doubt. The strength of his nature and the extent of his passion made his life in the monastery most miserable. He had not yet reached the point that many of the older monks had, and learned how to overcome temptation by succumbing to it, so he fasted for days until he became too weak to walk, watched the night away in vigils, and whipped his poor body with straps until the blood flowed.

We now think it is man's duty to eat proper food, to sleep at night, and to care for his body, so as to bring it to the most perfect condition possible—all this that he may use his life to its highest and best. Life is a privilege and not a crime.

But Martin Luther never knew of these things and there were none to teach him, and probably he would have rejected them stoutly if they had been presented —arguing the question six nights and days together. ¶ The result of all that absurd flying in the face of Nature was indigestion and its concomitant, nervous irritability. These demons fastened upon him for life; and we have his word for it in a thousand places that he regarded them as veritable devils—thus does man create his devil in his own image. Luther had visions —he "saw things," and devils, witches and spirits were common callers to the day of his death.

In those early monastery days he used to have fits of depression when he was sure that he had committed

the "unpardonable sin," and over and over in his mind he would recount his short-comings. He went to confession so often that he wore out the patience of at least one confessor, who once said to him, "Brother Martin, you are not so much a sinner as a fool." Still another gave him this good advice, "God is not angry with you, but He will be if you keep on, for you are surely angry with Him—you better think less about yourself and more of others: go to work!"

This excellent counsel was followed. Luther began to study the scriptures, and the writings of the saints. He took part in the disputes which were one of the principal diversions of all monasteries.

Now a monk had the privilege of remaining densely ignorant, or he could become learned. Life in a monastery was not so very different from what it was outside—a monk gravitated to where he belonged. The young man showed such skill as a debater, and such commendable industry at all of his tasks, from scrubbing the floor to expounding scripture, that he was sent to the neighboring University of Erfurt. From there he was transferred to the University of Wittenberg. In the classes at these universities the plan obtained, which is still continued in all theological schools, of requiring a student to defend his position on his feet. Knotty propositions are put forth, and logical complications fired at the youth as a necessary part of his mental drill. Beside this there were societies where all sorts of abstrusities and absurdities

were argued to a stand-still. ¶ At this wordy warfare none proved more adept than Martin Luther. He became Senior Wrangler; secured his degree; remained at the college as a post-graduate and sub-lecturer; finally was appointed a teacher, then a professor, and when twenty-nine years old became a Doctor of Theology

He took his turn as preacher in the Schlosskirche, which was the School Chapel, and when he preached the place was crowded. He was something more than a monotonous mumbler of words, he made his addresses personal, direct, critical. His allusions were local, and contained a deal of wholesome criticism put with pith and point, well seasoned with a goodly dash of rough and surprising wit.

Soon he was made District Vicar—a sort of Presiding Elder—and preached in a dozen towns over a circuit of a hundred miles. On these tours he usually walked, bareheaded, wearing the monk's robe. Often he was attended by younger monks and students who considered it a great privilege to accompany him. His courage, his blunt wit, his active ways all appealed to the youth, and often delegations would go out to meet him. Every college has his kind, whom the bantlings fall down and worship—fisticuffs and books are both represented and a touch of irreverence for those in authority is no disadvantage.

Luther's lack of reverence for his superiors held him back from promotion—and another thing was his im-

perious temper. He could not bear contradiction. The orator's habit of exaggeration was upon him, and occasionally he would affront his best friends in a way that tested their patience to the breaking point. "You might become an Abbot, and even a Bishop, were it not for your lack of courtesy," wrote his Superior to him on one occasion.

But this very lack of diplomacy, this indifference to the opinions of others, this boldness of speech made him the pride and pet of the students. Whenever he entered the lecture room they cheered him, and often they applauded him even in church.

Luther was a "sensational preacher," and he was an honest preacher. No doubt but that the applause of his auditors urged him on to occasional unseemliness. He acted upon his audiences, and the audience reacted upon him. He thundered against the profligacy of the rich, the selfishness of society, the iniquities of the government, the excesses of the monks, the laxity of discipline in the schools, and the growing tendency in the church to worship the Golden Calf. In some instances priests and monks had married, and he thundered against these.

All of the topics he touched had been treated by Savonarola in Italy, Wyclif in England, Brenz at Heidelberg, Huss in Bohemia, Erasmus in Holland and Butzer in Switzerland—and they had all paid the penalty of death or exile.

It is well to be bold but not too bold. Up to a certain

point the church and society will stand criticism—first it is diverting, next amusing, then tiresome, finally heretical—that is to say, criminal.

There had been a good deal of heresy—it was in the air—men were thinking for themselves—the printing presses were at work, and the Spirit of the Renaissance was abroad.

Martin Luther was not an innovator—he simply expressed what the many wished to hear—he was caught in the current of the time: he was part and parcel of the Renaissance.

And he was a loyal Churchman. None of his diatribes were against the Church itself—he wished to benefit the Church by freeing it from the faults that he feared would disintegrate it.

And so it happened that on the 31st day of October, 1517, Martin Luther tacked on the church door at Wittenberg his Ninety-five Theses.

The church door was the bulletin board for the University. The University consisted of about five hundred students. Wittenberg was a village of three or four thousand people, all told. The Theses were simply questions for discussion, and the proposition was that Martin Luther and his pupils would defend these questions against all comers in public debate.

¶ Challenges of this sort were very common, public debates were of weekly occurrence; and little did Martin Luther realize that this paltry half sheet of paper was to shake the world.

THE immediate cause of Luther's challenge was the presence of a Dominican monk by the name of John Tetzel. This man was raising money to complete St. Peter's Church at Rome, and he was armed with a commission direct from Pope Leo X.

That Brother John was an expert in his line, no one has ever denied. He had been in this business of raising money for about ten years, and had built monasteries, asylums, churches and convents. Beginning as a plain, sturdy beggar, this enterprising monk had developed a System—not entirely new, but he had added valuable improvements. ¶ There is a whole literature on the subject of the "indulgence," and I surely have no thought of adding to the mighty tomes on this theme. But just let me briefly explain how John worked: When he approached a town, he sent his agents ahead and secured the co-operation of some certain priest, under the auspices of whose church the place was to be worked. This priest would gather a big delegation of men, women and children, and they would go out in a body to meet the representative of God's Vicegerent on earth. The Pope could n't come himself, and so he sent John Tetzel ✠ ✠

Tetzel was carried on a throne borne on the shoulders of twenty-five men. His dress outshone any robe ever

worn by mortal Pope. Upon his head was a crown, and in his hand a hollow golden sceptre that enclosed his commission from the Pope. In advance of this throne was carried an immense cross, painted red. As the procession entered a village, people would kneel or uncover as the Agent of the Pope passed by; all traffic would cease—stores and places of business would be closed. In the public square or market place a stage would be erected, and from this pulpit Tetzel would preach.

The man had a commanding presence, and a certain rough and telling eloquence. He was the foremost Evangelist of his day. He had a chorus of chanters who wore bright robes and sang and played harps. It will thus be seen that Moody and Sankey methods are no new thing. Crowds flocked to hear him, and people came for many miles.

Tetzel reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come; he told of the horrors of sin, its awful penalties; he pictured purgatory, hell and damnation.

Men cried aloud for mercy, women screamed and the flaming cross was held aloft.

Men must repent—and they must pay. If God had blessed you, you should show your gratitude. The Sacrament of Penance consists of three parts: Repentance, Confession, Satisfaction. The intent of Penance is educational, disciplinary and medicinal. If you have done wrong, you can make restitution to God, whom you have angered, by paying a certain sum to

his Agent, for a good purpose. ¶ The Church has never given men the privilege of wronging other men by making a payment. That is one of the calumnies set afloat by infidels who pretend that Catholics worship images. You can, however, show penitence, sincerity and gratitude by giving. Any one can see that this is quite a different thing from buying an indulgence.

This gift you made was similar to the "Wehrgeld," or money compensation made to the injured or kinsmen of those who had been slain.

By giving you wiped out the offense, and better still you became participant in all the prayers of those to whom you gave. If you helped rebuild St. Peter's, you participated in all the masses said there for the repose of the dead. This would apply to all your kinsmen now in purgatory. If you gave, you could get them out, and also insure yourself against the danger of getting in. Repent and show your gratitude.

Tetzel had half a dozen Secretaries in purple robes, who made out receipts. These receipts were printed in red and gold and had a big seal and ribbon attached. The size of the receipt and seal was proportioned according to the amount paid—if you had a son or daughter in purgatory, it was wise to pay a large amount. The certificates were in Latin and certified in diffuse and mystical language many things, and they gave great joy to the owners.

The money flowed in on the Secretaries in heaps. Women often took their jewelry and turned it over

with their purses to Tetzel; & the Secretaries worked far into the night issuing receipts—or what some called Letters of Indulgence.

That many who secured these receipts regarded them as a license to do wrong and still escape punishment, there is no doubt. Before Tetzel left a town his Secretaries issued for a sum equal to twenty-five cents, a little certificate called a "Butterbriefe," that allowed the owner to eat butter on his bread on fast days.

Then in the night Tetzel and his cavalcade would silently steal away, to continue their good work in the next town. This program was gone through in hundreds of places, and the amount of money gathered no one knew, and what became of it all, no one could guess. Pope, Electors, Bishops, Priests and Tetzel all shared in the benefits. ¶ To a great degree the same plans are still carried on. In Protestant churches we have the professional Debt Raiser, and the Evangelist who recruits by hypnotic Tetzel methods.

In the Catholic Church receipts are still given for money paid, vouching that the holder shall participate in masses and prayers, his name put in a window, or engrossed on a parchment to be placed beneath a corner-stone. Trinkets are sold to be worn upon the person as a protection against this and that.

The Church does not teach that the Pope can forgive sin, or that by mere giving you can escape punishment for sin. Christ alone forgives.

However, the Pope does decide on what constitutes

sin and what not; and this being true, for myself, I do not see why he cannot decide that under certain conditions and with certain men an act is not a sin, which with other men is. And surely if he decides it is not a sin, the act thereby carries no penalty. Thus does the Pope have the power to remit punishment. Either the Pope is supreme, or he is not.

Luther thought he was. The most that Luther objected to was Tetzel's extreme way of putting the thing. Tetzel was a Dominican; Luther was an Augustinian: and between these two orders was continual friction. Tetzel was working Luther's territory, and Luther told what he thought of him, and issued a challenge to debate him on Ninety-five propositions. That priests in their zeal should overstep their authority, and that people should read into the preaching much more than the preacher intended, is not to the discredit of the Church. The Church cannot be blamed for either the mistakes of Moses, or for the mistakes of her members.

We have recently had the spectacle of a noted Evangelist, in Vermont, preaching prohibition, indulging in strong drink, and making a bet with a Jebusite that he would turn all of his clothing wrong side out—socks, drawers, trousers, undershirt, shirt, vest and coat—and preach with his eyes shut. The feat was carried out, and the preacher won the bet; but it would hardly be fair to charge this action up against either the Prohibition Party or the Protestant Religion.



EVOLUTION never depended on any one man. A strong man is acted upon by the thought of others—he is a sensitive plate upon which impressions are made — and his vivid personality gathers up these many convictions, concentrates them into one focus, and then expresses them. The great man is the one who first expresses what the many believe. He is a voice for the voiceless, and gives in trumpet tones what others would if they could.

Throughout Germany there was a strong liberal movement. To blindly obey was not sufficient. To go to church, perform certain set acts at certain times and pay were not enough—these things were all secondary—repentance must come first.

And along comes John Tetzel with his pagan processions, supplying salvation for silver! Martin Luther the strenuous, the impulsive, the bold, quickly writes a challenge in wrath to public disputation. "If God wills," said Martin to a friend, "I 'll surely kick a hole in his drum."

Within two weeks after the Ninety-five Theses were nailed to the church door, copies had been carried all over Germany, and in a month the Theses had gone to every corner of Christendom. The local printing press at Wittenberg had made copies for the students, and some of these prints were carried the next day to

Leipsic and Mainz, and at once recognized by publishers as good copy. Luther had said the things that thousands had wanted to say. Tame enough are the propositions to us now. Let us give a few of them:

¶ The whole life of the faithful disciple should be an act of repentance.

Punishment remains as long as the sinner hates himself.

The Pope neither can nor will remit punishment for sin.

God must forgive first, and the Pope through his priests can then corroborate the remission.

No one is sure of his own forgiveness.

Every sinner who truly repents has a plenary remission of punishment due him without payment of money to any one.

Every Christian, living or dead, has a full share in all the wealth of the Church, without letters of pardon, or receipts for money paid.

Christians should be taught that the buying of pardons is in no wise to be compared to works of mercy.

To give to a poor man is better than to pay money to a rich priest.

Because of charity and the works of charity, man becomes better, whether he pays money to build a church or not.

Pardon for sin is from Christ, and is free.

The Pope needs prayers for himself more than ready money.

Christians should be taught that the Pope does not know of the exactions of his agents who rob the poor by threat, otherwise he would prefer that St. Peter's should lie in ashes than be built up on the skin, bones and flesh of his sheep.

If the Pope can release souls from purgatory, why does he not empty the place for love and charity? The Pope being the richest man in Christendom, why does he not build St. Peter's out of his own pocket?

¶ Such are the propositions that leaped hot from Luther's heart; but they are not all of one spirit, for as he wrote he bethought himself that Tetzel was a Dominican, and the Dominicans held the key to the Inquisition. Luther remembered the fate of Huss, and his inward eye caught the glare of fagots a-fire. So he changes his tone, and to show that he is still a Catholic he says, "God forgives no man his sin until the man first presents himself to His priestly Vicar."

¶ Were it not for such expressions as this last, one might assume that man had no need of the assistance of priests or sacraments, but might go to God direct and secure pardon. But this would do away with even Martin Luther's business, so Brother Martin affirms, "The Church is necessary to man's salvation, and the Church must have a Pope in whom is vested Supreme Authority.

"The Church is not to blame for the acts of its selfish, ignorant and sinful professors."

One immediate effect of the Theses was that they put a quietus on the work of Brother John Tetzel. Instead of the people all falling prostrate on his approach, many greeted him with jeers and mud-balls. He was only a few miles away from Wittenberg, but news reached him of what the students had in store, and

immediately he quit business and went South. ❧ ❧ But although he did not appear in person, Tetzel prepared a counter set of Theses, to the appalling number of one hundred and thirteen, and had them printed and widely distributed. His agent came to Wittenberg and peddled the documents on the streets. The students got word of what was going on and in a body captured the luckless Tetzelite, led him to the public square and burned his documents with much pomp and circumstance. They then cut off the man's coat-tails, conducted him to the outskirts of the town, turned him loose and cheered him lustily as he ran.

It will thus be seen that the human heart is ever the same, and among college students there is small choice ❧ ❧

The following Sunday Luther devoted his whole sermon to a vigorous condemnation of the act of his students, admonishing them in stern rebuke. The sermon was considered the biggest joke of the season.

Tetzel seemed to sink out of sight. Those whom he had sought to serve repudiated him, and Bishops, Electors and Pope declined to defend his cause.

As for Luther, certain Bishops made formal charges against him, sending a copy of his Theses to Pope Leo X. The Holy Father refused to interfere in what he considered a mere quarrel between Dominicans and Augustinians, and so the matter rested.

But it did not rest long.



HE general policy of the Church in Luther's time was not unlike what it is now. Had he gone to Rome, he would not have been humiliated—the intent would have been to pacify him. He might have been transferred to a new territory, with promise of a preferment, even to a Bishopric, if he did well. ¶ To silence men, excommunicate them, degrade them, has never been done excepting when it was deemed that the safety of the Church demanded it. ¶ The Church, like governments—all governments—is founded upon the consent of the governed. So every religion, and every government, changes with the people—rulers study closely the will of the people and endeavor to conform to their desire. Priests and preachers give people the religion they wish for—it is a question of supply and demand.

The Church has constantly changed as the intelligence of the people has changed. And this change is always easy and natural. Dogmas and creeds may remain the same, but progress consists in giving a spiritual or poetic interpretation to that which once was taken literally. The scheme of the Esoteric and the Exoteric is a sliding, self-lubricating, self-adjusting, non-copyrighted invention—perfect in its workings—that all wise theologians fall back upon in time of stress. ¶ Had Luther obeyed the mandate and gone to Rome,

that would have been the last of Luther. ¶ Private interpretation is all right, of course: the Church has always taught it—the mistake is to teach it to everybody. Those who should know do know. Spiritual adolescence comes in due time, and then all things are made plain—be wise!

But Luther was not to be bought off. His followers were growing in number, the howls of his enemies increased.

Strong men grow through opposition—the plummet of feeling goes deeper, thought soars higher—vivid and stern personalities make enemies because they need them, otherwise they drowse. Then they need friends, too, to encourage—opposition and encouragement—thus do we get the alternating current.

That Luther had not been publicly answered excepting by Tetzel's weak rejoinders, was a constant boast in the liberal camp; and that Tetzel was only fit to address an audience of ignorant peasantry was very sure: some one else must be put forward worthy of Martin Luther's steel.

Then comes John Eck, a priest and lawyer, a man in intimate touch with Rome, and the foremost public disputant and orator of his time. He proposed to meet Luther in public debate. In social station Eck stood much higher than Luther. Luther was a poor college professor in a poor little University—a mere pedagog, a nobody. That Eck should meet him was a condescension on the part of Eck—as Eck explained.

They met at the University of Leipsic—an aristocratic and orthodox institution, Eck having refused to meet Luther either at Erfurt or Wittenberg—wherein Eck was wise.

The Bishop at Leipsic posted notices forbidding the dispute—this, it is believed, on orders from Rome, as the Church did not want to be known as having mixed in the matter. The Bishop's notices were promptly torn down, and Duke George decided that as the dispute was not under the auspices of the Church the Bishop had no business to interfere.

The audience came for many miles. A gallery was set apart for the nobility. Thousands who could not gain admittance remained outside and had to be content with a rehearsal of the proceedings from those who were fortunate enough to have seats.

The debate began June 27th, 1519, and continued daily for thirteen days.

Eck was commanding in person, deep of voice, suave and terrible in turn. He had all the graces and the power of a great trial lawyer. Luther's small figure and plain clothes were at a disadvantage in this brilliant throng, yet we are told that his high and piercing voice was heard much farther than Eck's.

Duke George of Saxony sat on a throne in state, and acted as Master of Ceremonies. Wittenberg was in the minority, and the hundred students who had accompanied Luther were mostly relegated to places outside, under the windows—their ardor to cut off

coat-tails had quite abated. ¶ The proceedings were orderly and dignified, save for the marked prejudice against Luther displayed by Duke George and the nobility

Luther held his own: his manner was self-reliant, with a touch of pride that perhaps did not help his cause

Eck led the debate along by easy stages and endeavored to force Luther into anger and unseemliness. ¶ Luther's friends were pleased with their champion—Luther stated his case with precision and Eck was seemingly vanquished.

But Eck knew what he was doing—he was leading Luther into a defense of the doctrines set forth by Huss. And when the time was ripe, Eck, in assumed astonishment, cried out, "Why this is exactly that for which Huss the heretic was tried and rightly condemned!" He very skilfully and slyly gave Luther permission to withdraw certain statements, to which Luther replied with spirit that he took back nothing, "and if this is what Huss taught, why God be praised for Huss."

Eck had gotten what he wanted—a defense of Huss who had been burned at the stake for heresy.

Eck put his reports in shape and took them to Rome in person, and a demand was made for a formal Bull of Excommunication against Martin Luther.

Word came from Rome that if Luther would amend his ways and publicly disavow his defense of Huss,

further proceedings would cease. The result was a volley of Wittenberg pamphlets re-stating, in still bolder language, what had already been put forth. ¶ Luther was still a good Catholic, and his quarrel was with the abuses in the Church, not with the Church itself. Had the Pope and his advisors been wise enough they would have paid no attention to Luther, and thus allowed opinion inside the Church to change, as it has changed in our day. Priests and preachers everywhere now preach exactly the things for which Huss, Wyclif, Ridley, Latimer and Tyndale forfeited their lives.

But the Pope did not correctly gauge the people—he did not know that Luther was speaking for fifty-one per cent of all Germany.

Orders were given out in Leipsic from pulpits, that on a certain day all good Catholics should bring such copies of Martin Luther's books as they had in their possession to the public square, and the books would there be burned.

On October 9th, the Bull of Excommunication mentioning Luther and six of his chief sympathizers, reached Wittenberg, cutting them off from the Church forever

Luther still continued to preach daily, and declared that he was still a Catholic and that as popes had made mistakes before, so had Pope Leo erred this time. With the Bull came a notice that if Luther would recant, the Bull would be withdrawn and Luther would

be reinstated in the Church. ¶ To which Luther replied, "If the Bull is withdrawn I will still be in the Church." ℱ ℱ

Bonfires of Luther's books now burned bright in every town and city of Christendom—even in London. ¶ Then it was that Wittenberg decided to have a bonfire of its own. A printed bill was issued calling upon all students and other devout Christians to assemble at nine o'clock on the morning of December 10th, 1520, outside the Elster gate, and witness a pious and religious spectacle. A large concourse gathered, a pyre of fagots was piled high, the Pope's Bull of Excommunication was solemnly placed on top, and the fire was lighted by the hand of Martin Luther.



HE Theses prepared by Tetzel had small sale. People had heard all these arguments before, but Luther's propositions were new. Everything that Luther said in public now was taken down, printed and passed along; his books were sold in the market places and at the fairs throughout the Empire. Luther glorified Germany, and referred often to the "Deutsche Theologie," and this pleased the people. The jealousy that existed between Italians and Germans was fanned.

He occasionally preached in neighboring cities, and always was attended by an escort of several hundred students. Once he spoke at Nuremburg and was entertained by that great man and artist, Albert Durer. Everywhere crowds hung upon his words and often he was cheered and applauded, even in churches. He denounced the extravagance and folly of ecclesiastical display, the wrong of robbing the poor in order to add to the splendor of Rome, he plead for the right of private interpretation of the Scriptures and argued the need of repentance and a deep personal righteousness

Not only was Luther the most popular preacher of that day, but his books outsold all other authors. He gave his writings to whoever would print them, and asked for no copyright nor royalties.

A request came from the Pope that he should appear at Rome ❧ ❧

Such a summons is considered mandatory, and usually this letter, although expressed in the gentlest and most complimentary way, strikes terror to the heart of the receiver. It means that he has offended or grieved the Head of the Church—God's Vicegerent on earth ❧ ❧

In my own experience I have known several offending priests to receive this summons; I never knew of one who dare disregard the summons; I never knew of one who received it who was not filled with dire foreboding; and I never knew an instance where the man was humiliated or really punished.

A few years ago the American newspapers echoed with the name of a priest who had been particularly bold in certain innovations. He was summoned to Rome and this was the way he was treated as told me with his own lips; and he further informed me that he ascertained it was the usual procedure.

The offender arrives in Rome full of the feeling that his enemies have wrongfully accused him, he knows charges have been filed against him, but what these charges are he is not aware. He is very much disturbed and very much in a fog. His reputation and character, aye! his future is at stake.

Before the dust of travel is off his clothes, before he shaves, washes his face or eats, he appears at the Vatican and asks for a copy of the charges that have

been brought against him. ¶ One of the Pope's numerous secretaries, a Cardinal possibly, receives him graciously, almost affectionately, and welcomes him to Rome in the name of the Pope. As for any matter of business, why it can wait, the man who has it in charge is out of the city for a day or so — rest and enjoy the splendor of the Eternal City.

"Where is the traveler's lodging?"

"What? not that—here!"—a bell is rung, a messenger is called, the pilgrim's luggage is sent for, and he is given a room in the Vatican itself, or in one of the nearby "Colleges." A Brother is called in, introduced and duly instructed to attend personally on His Grace the Pilgrim. Show him the wonders of Rome—the churches, art galleries, the Pantheon, the Appian Way, the Capitol, the Castle — he is one of the Church's most valued servants, he has come from afar — see that he has the attention accorded him that is his due. ¶ The Pilgrim is surprised, a trifle relieved, but not happy. He remembers that those condemned to die are given the best of food; but he tries to be patient, and so he accepts the brother's guidance to see Rome —and then die, if he must. ¶ The days are crowded full—visitors come and go. He attends this congregation and that—fetes, receptions, pilgrimages follow fast. ¶ The cloud is still upon him—he may forget it for an hour, but each day begins in gloom—uncertainty is the only hell.

At last he boldly importunes and asks that a day shall

be set to try his case. ¶ Nobody knows anything about his case—charges—what charges! However, a Committee of Cardinals wish to see him, why, yes, Thursday at ten o'clock!

He passes a sleepless night, and appears at the time appointed, haggard, yet firm, armed with documents. ¶ He is ushered into the presence of the Cardinals. They receive him as an equal. A little speech is made, complimenting him on his good work, upon his uprightness, and ends by a gentle caution concerning the wisdom of making haste slowly.

Charges? There are no charges against the Pilgrim—why should there be! And moreover, what if there are? Good men are always maligned. He has been summoned to Rome that the Cardinals might have his advice. ¶ The Pope will meet him to-morrow in order to bestow his personal blessing. ¶ It is all over—the burden falls from his back. He gasps in relief and sinks into a chair.

The greatness of Rome and the kindness and courtesy he has received have subdued him.

Possibly there is a temporary, slight reduction of position—he is given another diocese or territory, but there is a promise of speedy promotion—there is no humiliation. The man goes home subdued, conquered by kindness, happy in the determination to work for the Church as never before. ¶ Rome binds great men to her—she does not drive them away—her policy is wise, superbly, splendidly wise.



UTHER was now beyond the pale — the Church had no further power to punish him, but agents of the Church, being a part of the Government, might proceed against him as an enemy of the State. ¶ Word came that if Luther would cease writing and preaching, and quietly go about his teaching in the University, he would not be troubled in any way.

This only fired him to stronger expression. He issued a proclamation to the German Nation, appealing from the sentence of the Pope, stating he was an Augustinian monk, a Doctor of Theology, a preacher of truth, with no stain upon his character. He declared that no man in Italy or elsewhere had a right to order him to be silent, and no man or set of men could deprive him of a share in God's Kingdom.

He called upon all lovers of liberty who hoped for heaven to repudiate the "Babylonish Captivity,"— only by so doing could the smile of God be secured. Thus did Martin Luther excommunicate the Pope. ¶ Frederick the Elector of Saxony preserved a strictly neutral attitude. Martin Luther was his subject, and he might have proceeded against him on a criminal charge, and was hotly urged to do so, but his reply was, "Hands Off."

The city of Worms was at this time the political

capital of Germany. A yearly congress, or Diet, was held by the Emperor and his Electors, to consider matters of special import to the state.

As Frederick refused to proceed against Luther, an appeal was made to the Emperor Charles V., asking that Luther be compelled to appear before the Diet of Worms and make answer to the charges that would there be brought against him.

It was urged that Luther should be arrested and carried to Worms and there be confined in the castle until the Diet should meet; but Charles had too much respect for Frederick to attempt any such high-handed procedure—it might mean civil war. Gladly would he have ignored the whole matter, but a Cardinal from Rome was at his elbow, sent purposely to see that Luther should be silenced—silenced as Huss was, if necessary. Charles was a good Catholic—and so was the Elector Frederick for that matter. Frederick was consulted and agreed that if the Emperor would issue a letter of "safe conduct" and send a herald to personally accompany Rev. Dr. Luther to Worms, the Elector would consent to the proceedings.

The letter sent summoning Luther to Worms was an exceedingly guarded document. It addressed the excommunicated heretic as "honorable, beloved and pious," and begged him to accept the company and safe conduct of the bearer to Worms and there kindly explain to the Emperor the import of his books and doctrines ❧ ❧

This letter might have been an invitation to a banquet, but Luther said it was an invitation to a holocaust, and many of his friends so looked upon it. He was urged to disregard it, but his reply was, "Though the road to Worms were lined with devils I'd go just the same."

No more vivid description of Luther's trial at Worms has been given than that supplied by Dr. Charles Beard. This man was neither Catholic nor Protestant, so we cannot accuse him of hand-illumining the facts to suit his fancy. Says Dr. Beard:

Towards noon on the 16th of April, 1521, the watchers on the tower gate of Worms gave notice by sound of trumpet that Luther's cavalcade was drawing near. First rode Deutschland the Herald; next came the covered carriage with Luther and three friends; last of all Justus Jonas on horseback, with an escort of knights who had ridden out from Worms to meet them. The news quickly spread, and though it was dinner time, the streets were thronged, and two thousand men and women accompanied the heretic to his lodging in the house of the Knights of St. John. Here he was close to the Elector, while his companions in his lodging were two Saxon councillors. Aleandro the Papal Nuncio sent out one of his servants to bring him news; he returned with the report that as Luther alighted from his carriage a man had taken him into his arms, and having touched his coat three times, had gone away glorying as if he had touched a relic of the greatest saint in the world. On the other hand, Luther looked 'round about him, with his demoniac eyes, and said, "God will be with me."

¶ The audience to which Luther was summoned was fixed for 4 p. m., and the fact was announced to him by Ulrich von Pappenheim, the hereditary marshal of the Empire. When the time came there was a great crowd assembled to see the heretic, and his conductors Pappenheim and Deutschland were obliged to take him to the hall of audience in the Bishop's Palace through gardens and by back ways. There he was introduced into the presence of the Estates. He was a peasant and a peasant's son, who, though he had written bold letters to Pope and Prelate, had never spoken face to face with the great ones of the land, not even with his own Elector, of whose good will he was assured. Now he was bidden to answer, less for himself than for what he believed to be the truth of God, before the representatives of the double authority by which the world is swayed. The young Emperor looked at him with impassive eyes, speaking no word either of encouragement or rebuke. Aleandro represented the still greater, the intrinsically superior power of the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ. At the Emperor's side stood his brother Ferdinand, the new founder of the House of Austria, while 'round them were grouped six out of the seven Electors, and a crowd of princes, prelates, nobles, delegates of free cities, who represented every phase of German and ecclesiastical feeling.

It was a turning point of modern European history, at which the great issues which presented themselves to men's consciences were greater still than they knew.

¶ The proceedings began with an injunction given by Pappenheim to Luther that he was not to speak unless spoken to. Then John von Eck, Official General of the Archbishop of Trier, champion of the Leipsic deputation, first in Latin, then in German, put, by Imperial

command, two questions to Luther. First, did he acknowledge these books here present—showing a bundle of books which were circulated under his name—to be his own? and, secondly, was he willing to withdraw and recall them and their contents, or did he rather adhere to and persist in them? At this point, Schurf, who acted as Luther's counsel, interposed with the demand, "Let the titles be read." The Official, in reply, recited, one by one, the titles of the books comprised in the collected edition of Luther's works published at Basel, among which were the Commentaries on the Psalms, the Sermon of Good Works, the Commentary on the Lord's Prayer, and besides these, other Christian books, not of a contentious kind.

Upon this, Luther made answer, first in German, then in Latin, that the books were his.

The form of procedure had been committed by the Emperor to Eck, Glapion, and Aleandro, and it may have been by their deliberate intention that Luther was now asked, whether he wished to defend all the books which he had acknowledged as his own, or to retract any part of them? He began his answer in Latin, by an apology for any mistakes that he might make in addressing personages so great, as a man versed, not in courts, but in monk cells; then, repeating his acknowledgment of the books, proceeded to divide them into three classes. There were some in which he had treated the piety of faith and morals so simply and evangelically that his very adversaries had been compelled to confess them useful, harmless, and worthy of Christian reading. How could he condemn these? There were others in which he attacked the Papacy and the doctrine of the Papists, who both by their teachings and their wretched examples have

wasted Christendom with both spiritual and corporal evil. Nor could any one deny or dissimulate this, since the universal experience and complaint bear witness, that, by the laws of the Pope and the doctrines of men, consciences are miserably ensnared and vexed, especially in this illustrious German nation. If he should revoke these books, what would it be but to add force to tyranny, and to open, not merely the windows, but the doors to so great impiety? In that case, good God, what a cover of wickedness and tyranny would he not become! A third class of his books had been written against private persons, those, namely, who had labored to protect the Roman tyranny and to undermine the piety which he had taught. In these he confessed that he had been more bitter than became his religion and profession. Even these, however, he could not recall, because to do so would be to throw his shield over tyranny and impiety, and to augment their violence against the people of God. From this he proceeded to ask for evidence against himself and a fair trial, adducing the words of Christ before Annas: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil." Then, with a touch of his native boldness, he told his audience that it needed to beware lest the reign of this most excellent youth, Prince Charles, should become unhappy and of evil omen. "I might," he continued, "illustrate the matter more copiously by Scriptural examples—as Pharaoh, the King of Babylon, the Kings of Israel—who most completely ruined themselves at the moment when by wisest counsels they were zealous to strengthen and pacify their kingdoms. For it is He who taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and overturns the mountains before they know it. Therefore it is needful to fear God. I do not say these things because my

teaching or admonition is necessary to persons of such eminence, but because I ought not to withhold from Germany my due obedience. And with these things I commend myself to your most serene Majesty, and to your Lordships, humbly asking that you will not suffer me to be brought into ill repute by the efforts of my adversaries. I have spoken."

This speech, spoken as it was with steady composure and a voice that could be clearly heard by the whole assembly, did not satisfy the official. His first demand was that, like the question to which it was in answer, it should be repeated in German. Next, Eck proceeded to point out that Luther's errors, which were the errors of former heretics, Wyclif, Huss, and the like, had been sufficiently condemned by the Church, and particularly by the Council of Constanz. If Luther were willing to recant them, the Emperor would engage that his other works, in which they were not contained, should be tenderly handled: if not, let him recollect the fate of other books condemned by the Church. Then, with the customary exhortation to all theological innovators, not to set their own opinions against those of apostles, saints, and martyrs, the official said that what he wanted was a simple and straightforward answer; was Luther willing to recant or not? To which Luther replied: "Since your most serene Majesty and your Lordships ask for a simple answer, I will give it, after this fashion: Unless I am convinced by witness of Scripture or plain reason (for I do not believe in the Pope or in Councils alone, since it is agreed that they have often erred and contradicted themselves), I am overcome by the Scriptures which I have adduced, and my conscience is caught in the word of God. I neither can nor will recant anything, for it is neither safe nor right to act

against one's conscience." Then having given this answer in both languages, he added in German, "God help me. Amen."

The semblance of trial, which alone was allowed to Luther, was now over; it only remained to pass sentence. Early on the morning of the 19th of April the Emperor summoned the Diet once more to take counsel upon the matter. The Estates asked for time to deliberate; on which the Emperor, replying that he would first give them his own opinion, produced a document written in his own hand. Beginning with the statement of his descent from Emperors, Kings of Spain, Archdukes of Austria, and Dukes of Burgundy, all of whom had lived and died faithful sons of the Church and defenders of the Catholic faith, it announced the identity of his policy with theirs. Whatever his predecessors had decreed in matters ecclesiastical, whatever had been decided by the Council of Constanz and other Councils, he would uphold. Luther had set himself against the whole of Christendom, alleging it to be, both now and for a thousand years past, in error and only himself in possession of the truth. The Estates had heard the obstinate answer which he had made the day before; let him be no further heard, and let him be taken back whence he came, the terms of his safe conduct being carefully observed; but let him be forbidden to preach, nor suffer to corrupt the people with his vile doctrine. "And as we have before said, it is our will that he should be proceeded against as a true and evident heretic."



HE difference between heresy and treason, at one time, was very slight. One was disloyalty to the Church, the other disloyalty to the State. ¶ Luther's peril was very great. The coils had been deliberately laid for him, and he had as deliberately placed his neck in the noose. Surely his accusers had been very patient—every opportunity had been given him to recant.

Aleandro, the Papal Nuncio, argued that in the face of such stubborn contumacy and insult to both Pope and Emperor, the Emperor would be justified in cancelling his safe conduct and arresting Luther then and there. His offense in refusing to retract was committed at Worms and his trial should be there—and there he should be executed.

The Elector Frederick was a stronger man far in personality than was the Emperor Charles. "The promise of safe conduct must be kept," said Frederick, and there he rested, refusing to argue the merits of the case by a word, one way or the other.

Frederick held the life of Luther in his hand—a waver, a tremor and the fagots would soon crackle: for the man who pleads guilty and refuses pardon there is short shrift ❧ ❧

Luther started back for Saxony. All went well until he reached the Black Forest within the bounds of the

domain of Frederick; when behold the carriages and little group of horsemen were surrounded by an armed force of silent and determined men. Luther made a stout defense and was handled not over gently. He was taken from his closed carriage and placed upon a horse—his friends and guard were ordered to be gone. ¶ The darkness of the forest swallowed Luther and his captors.

News soon reached Wittenberg and the students mourned him as dead.

His enemies gloried in his disappearance, and everywhere told that he had been struck by the vengeance of God

Luther was lodged in the Castle of Wartburg and all communication with the outside world cut off.

The whole scheme was a diplomatic move on the part of the Elector. He expected a demand would be made for the arrest of the heretic. To anticipate this demand he arrested the man himself; and thus placed the matter in position to legally resist should the prisoner be demanded.

The Elector was the Governor, and the Estate was what would be to us a State—the term "state" and "estate" being practically the same word. It was the old question of State Rights, the same question that Hayne and Webster debated in 1830, and Grover Cleveland and John P. Altgeld fought over in 1894. The Elector Frederick prepared for a legal battle, and would defy the "Federal Arm" by force if worst came to worst.

¶ Luther remained a prisoner for seven months, and so closely guarded was he that he only knew by inference that his keepers were his friends. The Elector was discreet: he held no personal communication with Luther.

In December, 1521, the prisoner was allowed to go to Wittenberg on a three days' parole. When he appeared at the University he came as one from the dead. The event was too serious for student jollification, many were struck dumb with astonishment and glad tears of joy were upon every cheek—and by common consent all classes were abandoned, and a solemn service of thanksgiving held in the Church, upon the door of which, four years before, this little college professor had tacked his Theses.

All understood now that Luther was a prisoner—he must go back to his prison. He admonished his hearers to be patient but to be firm; cleave to what they believed to be right, even though it led to the scaffold. He administered the sacrament, and through that congregation, and throughout Saxony, and throughout all Germany ran the vow, silent, solemn, serious that Martin Luther's defiance of Papal authority was right. The Church was made for man and not man for the Church—and come what may this man Luther must be protected even though the gutters ran with blood ✍ ✍

When would his trial occur? Nobody knew—but there would be no haste.

Luther went back to prison, but not to remain there. His little lease of liberty had been given just to see which way the wind lay. He was a prisoner still—a prisoner on parole—and if he was taken out of Saxony it could only be by illegal means.

The action of the Elector was as wise and as successful a bit of legal procedure as ever mortal lawyer worked, that it was all done without the advice, consent or connivance of the prisoner, makes it doubly admirable.

Luther set himself to work as never before, writing and preaching. He kept close to Wittenberg and from there sent forth his thunders of revolt. Outside of Saxony, at regular intervals, edicts were read from pulpits ordering any and all copies of Luther's writings to be brought forward that they might be burned. This advertised the work, and made it prized—it was read throughout all Christendom.

That gentle and ascetic Henry VIII. of England, issued a book denouncing Luther and telling what he would do with him if he came to England. Luther replied, a trifle too much in kind. Henry put in a pious rejoinder to the effect that the devil would not have Luther in hell. In their opinion of Luther the Pope and King Henry were of one mind.

So lived Martin Luther, execrated and beloved. At first he sought to serve the Church, and later he worked to destroy it. After three hundred years, the Catholic Church still lives, with more communicants

than it had in the days of Luther. The fact that it still exists proves its usefulness. It will still live, and it will change as men change. The Church and the Pope are not the detestable things that Martin Luther pictured them; and Protestantism is not the sweet and lovely object that he would have us believe. All formal and organized religions will be what they are, as long as man is what he is—labels count for little.

In 1525 Martin Luther married "Catharine the Nun," a most excellent woman, and one whom rumor says had long encouraged and upheld him in his works. Children came to bless them, and the picture of the great heretic sitting at his wooden table with little Johnny Luther on his knee, his loving wife by his side, and kind neighbors entering for a friendly chat, show the great reformer at his best.

He was the son of a peasant, all his ancestors were peasants, as he so often told, and he lived like a peasant to the last. For himself he wanted little. He sided with the people, the toilers, with those who struggled in the bonds of slavery and fear—for them he was an Eye, an Ear, a trumpet Voice.

There never lived a braver man—there never lived one more earnest and sincere. He fought freedom's fight with all the weapons God had given him; and for the Liberty we now enjoy, in great degree, we are debtors to Martin Luther.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF MARTIN LUTHER: WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS & ORNAMENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR MCMIII

The Quintessence of Quinn

One would hardly think it, but the one man in America who is musically keyed in A sharp lives in Chicago. His name is Marcus Quinn, Mus. Doc., and his degree, Bert Letson Taylor says, is from the Auditorium Annex. This man traces a direct pedigree to the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and a daughter of King Kwinn, who ruled Ireland in the Second Century.

The Quintessence of Quinn lies in his ability to teach music by correspondence, and so explain the matter that girls of ten, in Texas, who are pupils of his, have proven themselves able to compose and play Hungarian Rhapsodies and also read and play at sight any Ancient Thing. Quinn has analyzed music, taken it all apart and gives you the mathematical formula. He has also analyzed pianos. He says the Irish are the only people who ever used a musical instrument as a national symbol, and the harp is an undeveloped piano. The Romans had stars on their banners, and since the morning stars sing together, it is meet that the best Piano should be a **Starr.** Quinn says the construction of the **Starr** is simpler, stronger, finer, and the tone is that of an Irish harp played in the Long Ago when the daughter of King Kwinn ran away to Rome and was beloved by the man who wrote the "Meditations." The **Starr?** Yes—made at RICHMOND, INDIANA

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TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ORATORS

EDMUND BURKE

Vol. XII. MAY, 1903. No. 5

By ELBERT HUBBARD





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TO THE HOMES OF

EMINENT ORATORS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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2 Mark Antony
3 Savonarola
4 Martin Luther
5 Edmund Burke
6 William Pitt
7 Marat
8 Robert Ingersoll
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When the coffee toper, ill from coffee drinking, finally leaves off coffee the battle is only half won. Most people require some hot drink at meal time, and they also need the rebuilding agent to build up what coffee has destroyed. Postum is the rebuilder, the other half of the battle.

Some people stop coffee and drink hot water but find this a thin, unpalatable diet, with no rebuilding properties. It is much easier to break away from coffee by serving strong, hot, well boiled Postum in its place. A prominent wholesale grocer of Faribault, Minn., says: "For a long time I was nervous and could not digest my food. I went to a doctor who prescribed a tonic and told me to leave off coffee and drink hot water.

"I did so for a time and got some relief but did not get entirely well, so I lost patience and said: 'Oh well, coffee is n't the cause of my troubles,' and went back to drinking it. I became worse than ever. Then Postum was prescribed. It was not made right at first and for two mornings I could hardly drink it.

"Then I had it boiled full fifteen minutes and used good cream and I had a most charming beverage.

"I fairly got fat on the food drink and my friends asked me what had happened I was so well. I was set right and cured when Postum was made right. I know other men here who use Postum, among others the Cashier of the Security Bank and a well known clergyman.

"My firm sells a lot of Postum and I am certainly at your service for Postum cured me of stomach trouble." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Little Journeys To the Homes of EMINENT ORATORS

Burke

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

I WAS not, like His Grace of Bedford, swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator; nitor in adversum is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts, by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life, for in every step I was traversed and opposed, and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home; otherwise no rank, no toleration even for me.

IN the American Encyclopedia, a work I cheerfully recommend, will be found a statement to the effect that Edmund Burke was one of the fifteen children of his parents. Aside from the natural curiosity to know what became of the fourteen, the matter is of small moment, and that its truth or falsity should divide men is most absurd.

Of this, however, we know—the parents of Burke were plain people, rescued from oblivion only through the excellence of this one son. The father was a lawyer, and fees being scarce, he became chief clerk for another barrister, and so lived his life and did his work.

¶When Edmund Burke was born at Dublin in the year 1729, that famous city was at its flood tide of prosperity. It was a metropolis of commerce, art, wit, oratory and literary culture. The one name that looms large to us out of that time is that of Dean Swift, but then there were dozens just as great as he—so-said.

Edmund must have been a bright, fine, attractive boy, for we hear that certain friends of his parents combined with his father and they bent themselves to

the task of sending the lad to Trinity College. Before this, however, he had spent some time at a private school kept by one Shackleton, a Quaker and a rare sweet soul, with enough of stern moral fiber in him that he exercised a profound and lasting influence for good on young Mr. Burke.

The boy was to be a lawyer—a great lawyer. The elder Burke was not a great lawyer, but he felt competent to raise one.

There was another boy destined for fame at Trinity College while Burke was there, but they did not get acquainted then. Some years later they met in London, though, and talked it over.

In countenance these two young men had a certain marked resemblance. Reynolds painted pictures of both Burke and Goldsmith, and when I looked at these portraits this morning, side by side, I said, "Sir Joshua had n't quite got the Burke out of his brush before he painted the Goldsmith." Burke is Goldsmith grown big.

Each had a weak chin, which was redeemed by the fine, full forehead and brilliant eye.

In face and features, taken as a whole, Burke had a countenance of surpassing beauty. Note the full sensuous lips, the clear, steady, lustrous beaming eye, the splendid head! There is nothing small, selfish, mean or trifling about the man—he is open, frank, sympathetic, gentle, generous and wise.

He is a manly man.

No wonder that even the staid and chilly Hannah More loved him; and little Miss Burney worshipped at his shrine even in spite of "his friendship for those detested rebels, the Americans; and the other grievous sin of persecuting that good man, Warren Hastings."

Goldsmith was small in stature, apologetic in manner, hesitating, and at times there was a lisp in speech, which might have been an artistic and carefully acquired adjunct of wit, but it was not. Burke was commanding in stature, dignified, suave, and in speech direct, copious and elegant. Goldsmith overworked the minor key, but Burke merely suggests that it had not been omitted.

At college young Burke did not prove a brilliant student—his intellect and aptitude it seems were a modest mouse-color, that escaped attention. His reading was desultory and general, with spasms of passion for this study or that, this author or the other. And he has remarked, most regretfully, that all of these passions were short-lived, none lasting more than six weeks.

It is a splendid sign to find a youth with a passion for any branch of work, or study, or for any author. No matter how brief the love—it adds a ring of growth to character; and if you have loved a book once it is easy to go back to it. In all these varying moods of likes and dislikes, Burke was gathering up material for use in after years.

But his teachers did not regard it so, neither did his father ✍ ✍

He got through college after a five years' course, aged twenty, by the grace of his tutors. He knew everything excepting what was in the curriculum.



TALL, handsome, with hair black as the raven's wing, and eyes that looked away off into space, dreamy and unconcerned, was Edmund Burke at twenty.

His father was a business lawyer, with a sharp nose for technicalities, quirks and quillets, but the son studied law as a literary curiosity. Occasionally there were quick chidings, answered with irony needlessly calm: then the good wife and mother would intervene with her tears, and the result was that Burke the elder would withdraw to the open air to cool his coppers. Be it known that no man can stand out against his wife and son when they in love combine.

Finally it was proposed that Edmund go to London and take a course of Law at the Middle Temple. The plan was accepted with ill-concealed alacrity. Father and son parted with relief, but the good-bye between mother and son tore the hearts of both—they were parting forever, and Something told them so.

It evidently was the intention of Burke the elder, who was a clear-headed practical person, competent in all petty plans, that if the son settled down to law and got his "call," then he would be summoned back to Dublin and put in a way to achieve distinction. But if the young man still pursued his desultory reading and scribbling on irrelevant themes, then the re-

mittances were to be withdrawn and Edmund Burke, being twenty-one years of age, could sink or swim. Burke pater would wash his hands in innocency, having fully complied with all legal requirements, and God knows that is all any man can do—there!



N London-town since time began, no embryo Coke ever rapped at the bar for admittance—lawyers are "summoned" just as clergymen are "called," while other men find a job. In England this pretty little illusion of receiving a "call" to practice law still obtains.

Burke never received the call, for the reason that he failed to fit himself for it. He read everything but law books. He might have assisted a young man by the name of Blackstone in compiling his "Commentaries," as their lodgings were not far apart, but he did not. They met occasionally, and when they did they always discussed Spenser or Milton, and waxed warm over Shakespeare.

Burke gave Old Father Antic the Law as lavish a letter of recommendation as the Legal Profession ever received, and he gave it for the very natural reason that he had no use for the Law himself.

The remittances from Dublin were always small, but they grew smaller, less frequent and finally ceased. It was sink or swim—and the young man simply paddled to keep afloat upon the tide of the times.

He dawdled at Dodsley's, visited with the callers and browsed among the books. There was only one thing the young man liked better to do than read, and that was to talk. Once he had read a volume nearly through,

when Dodsley up and sold it to a customer—"a rather ungentlemanly trick to play on an honest man," says Burke

It was at Dodsley's he first met his countryman Goldsmith, also Garrick, Boswell and Johnson. It was then that Johnson received that lasting impression of Burke, of whom he said, "Sir, if you met Edmund Burke under a gateway, where you had taken shelter for five minutes to escape a shower, you would be so impressed by his conversation that you would say, 'This is a most extraordinary man'."

If one knows how, or has to, he can live in a large city at a small expense. For nine years Burke's London life is a tale of a garret, with the details almost lost in the fog. Of this time, in after years, he seldom spoke, not because he was ashamed of all the straits and shifts he had to endure, but because he was endowed with that fine dignity of mind which does not dwell on hardships gone and troubles past, but rather fixes itself on blessings now at hand and other blessings yet to come. Then better still, there came a time when work and important business filled every moment of the fast flying hours. And so he himself once said, "The sure cure for all private griefs is a hearty interest in public affairs."

The best search-light through the mist of those early days comes to us through Burke's letters to Shackleton, the son of his old Quaker teacher. Shackleton had the insight to perceive his friend was no com-

mon man, and so preserved every scrap of Burke's writing that came his way.

About that time there seems to have been a sort of meteoric shower of chip-munk magazines, following in the luminous pathway of the "Spectator" and the "Tatler." Burke was passing through his poetic period, and supplied various stanzas of alleged poetry to these magazines for a modest consideration. For one poem he received eighteen pence, as tearfully told by Shackleton, but we have Hawkins for it that this was a trifle more than the poem was worth.

Of this poetry we know little, happily, but glimpses of it are seen in the Shackleton letters; for instance, when he asks his friend's criticism of such lines as these:

> The nymphs that haunt the dusky wood,
> Which hangs recumbent o'er the crystal flood.

He speaks of his delight in ambient sunsets, when gilded oceans, ghostly ships and the dull, dark city vanish for the night. Of course, such things never happen except in books, but the practice of writing about them is a fine drill, in that it enables the writer to get a grasp on his vocabulary. Poetry is for the poet

And if Burke wrote poetry in bed, having to remain there in the daytime, while his landlady was doing up his single ruffled shirt for an evening party, whose business was it?

When he was invited out to dinner he did the meal

such justice that he needed nothing the following day; and the welcome discovery was also made that fasting produced an exaltation of the "spiritual essence that was extremely favorable to writing good poetry."

Burke had wit, and what Johnson called a "mighty affluence of conversation"; so his presence was welcome at the Turk's Head. Burke and Johnson were so thoroughly well matched as talkers that they respected each other's prowess and never with each other clinched in wordy warfare. Johnson was an arch Tory: Burke the leader of the Whigs, but Ursa was wise enough to say "I 'll talk with him on any subject but politics." This led Goldsmith to remark "Dr. Johnson browbeats us little men, but makes quick peace with those he cannot down." Then there were debating societies, from one of which he resigned because the limit of a speech was seven minutes; but finally the time was extended to fifteen minutes in order to get the Irish orator back.

During these nine years, once referred to by Burke as the "Dark Ages," he had four occupations,—book browsing at Dodsley's, debating in the clubs, attending the theatre on tickets probably supplied by Garrick, who had taken a great fancy to him, and his writing

No writing man could wish a better environment than this—the friction of mind with strong men, books and the drama stirred his emotions to the

printing point. ¶ Burke's personality made a swirl in the social sea that brought the best straight to him. ¶ One of the writers that Burke most admired was Bolingbroke, that man of masterly mind and mighty tread. His paragraphs move like a phalanx, and in every sentence there is an argument. No man in England influenced his time more than Bolingbroke. He was the inspirer of writers. Burke devoured Bolingbroke, and when he took up his pen, wrote with the same magnificent, stately minuet step. Finally he was full of the essence of Bolingbroke to the point of saturation, and then he began to criticise him. Had Bolingbroke been alive Burke would have quarreled with him—they were so much alike. As it was, Burke contented himself by writing a book in Bolingbroke's style, carrying the great man's arguments one step further with intent to show their fallacy. The paraphrase is always a complement, and is never well done excepting by a man who loves the original and is a bit jealous of him.

If Burke began his "Vindication of Natural Society," with intent to produce a burlesque, he missed his aim, and came very near convincing himself of the truth of his proposition. And in fact, the book was hailed by the rationalists as a vindication of Rousseau's philosophy.

Burke was a conservative rationalist, which is something like an altruistic pessimist. In the society of rationalists Burke was a conservative, and when with

the conservatives he was a rationalist. That he was absolutely honest and sincere there is not a particle of doubt, and we will have to leave it to the psychologists to tell us why men hate the thing they love.

The "Vindication of Natural Society," is a great book, and the fact that in the second edition Burke had to explain it was an ironical paraphrase, does not convince us that it was. The things prophesied have come about and the morning stars still sing together. Wise men are more and more learning by inclining their hearts toward Nature. Not only is this true in pedagogics, but in law, medicine and theology as well. Dogma has less place now in religion than ever before; many deeply religious men eschew the creed entirely, and in all pulpits may be heard the sublime truths of simple honesty and kindness; being quite enough basis for a useful career. That is good which serves. Religions are many and diverse, but reason and goodness are one.

Burke's attempt to prove that without "revealed religion" mankind would sit in eternal darkness, makes us think of the fable of the man who planted potatoes, hoed them, and finally harvested the crop. Every day when this man toiled there was another man who sat on the fence, chewed a straw and looked on. And the author of the story says that if it were not for the Bible, no one would have ever known to whom the potatoes belonged. ¶ Burke wrote and talked as all good men do, just to clear the matter up in his own mind.

Our wisest moves are accidents. Burke's first book was of a sort so striking that both sides claimed it. Men stopped other men on the street and asked if they had read the "Vindication": at the coffee-houses they wrangled and jangled over it: and all the time Dodsley smiled and rubbed his hands in glee.

Burke soon blossomed out in clean ruffled shirt every morning, and shortly moved to a suite of rooms, where before he had received his mail and his friends at a coffee-house.

Then came William Burke, a distant cousin, and together they tramped off through rural England, loitering along flowering hedge-rows, and stopping at quaint inns, where the villagers made guesses as to whether the two were gentlemen out for a lark, smugglers or Jesuits in disguise.

One of these trips took our friends to Bath, and there we hear they were lodged at the house of a Dr. Nugent, an excellent and scholarly man. William Burke went back to London and left Edmund at Bath deep in pursuit of the Sublime. Dr. Nugent had a daughter, aged twenty, beautiful, gentle and gracious. The reader can guess the rest.

That Burke's wife was a most amiable and excellent woman there is no doubt. She loved her lord, believed in him and had no other gods before him. But that she influenced his career directly or through antithesis, there is no trace. Her health was too frail to follow him—his stride was terrific—so she remained at home,

and after every success he came back and told her of it, and rested his great, shaggy head in her lap. ¶ Only one child was born to them, and this boy closely resembled his mother in intellect and physique. This son passed out early in life, and so with Edmund died the name.



HE next book Burke launched was the one we know best, "On the Sublime." The original bore the terrifying title, "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas Concerning the Sublime and Beautiful." This book consists of one hundred and seventeen chapters, each chapter dealing with some special phase of the subject. It is the most searching and complete analysis of an abstract theme of which I know. It sums the subject up like an essay by Herbert Spencer, and disposes of the case once and forever. It is so learned that only a sophomore could have written it, and we quite forgive the author when we are told that it was composed when he was nineteen

The book proved Burke's power to follow an idea to its lair, and its launching also launched the author upon the full tide of polite society. Goldsmith said, "We will lose him now," but Burke still stuck by his coffee-house companions and used them as a pontoon to bridge the gulf 'twixt Bohemia and Piccadilly.

In the meantime he had written a book for Dodsley on "English Settlements in North America," and this did Burke more good than any one else, as it caused him to focus his inquiring mind on the New World. After this man began to write on a subject, his intellect became luminous on the theme, and it was his

forevermore. ¶At routs and fetes and four-o'clocks, Burke was sought as an authority on America. He had never been there, only promised himself to go, for a sick wife held him back. In the meantime he had seen every man of worth who had been to America, and had sucked the orange dry. Macaulay gives the idea when he describes Burke's speech at the Warren Hastings trial. Burke had never been to India, Macaulay had, but that is nothing.

Says Macaulay: "When Burke spoke, the burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa-tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the Imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, the banners and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the riverside, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as familiar as the subjects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls, where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of the sovereign, to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea

of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Numcomar as of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."

The wide encompassing quality of Burke's mind made him a man among men. Just how much he lent his power in those early days to assist those in high places who needed him, we do not know. Such services were sacred to him—done in friendship and in confidence, and held as steadfast as a good lawyer holds the secrets of his client.

No doubt though, but that the one speech which gave glory and a nickname to Single Speech Hamilton was written by Burke. It was wise, witty and profound—and never again did Hamilton do a thing that rose above the dull and deadly mediocre.

It was a rival of Burke's who said, "He is the only man since Cicero who is a great orator, and who can write as well as he can talk."

That Burke wrote the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds is now pretty generally believed; in fact, that he received the goodly sum of four thousand pounds for writing these lectures, has been proved to the satisfaction of a jury. Burke never said he wrote the Reynolds lectures, and Sir Joshua left it to his valet to deny it. But read the lectures now and you will see the stately step of Bolingbroke, and the insight, wit and gravity of the man who said, "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege: If it is the pleasure of

the House that all the heaviest folios known to us should be here read aloud, I am in honor bound to graciously submit, but only this I ask, that proceedings shall be suspended long enough for me to send home for my night-cap."



RESENTLY Burke graduated from doing hack work for William Gerard Hamilton to the position of his private secretary—Hamilton had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and so highly did he prize Burke's services that he had the Government vote him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. This was the first settled income Burke had ever received, and he was then well past thirty years of age. But though he was in sore straits financially, when he perceived that the intent of the income was to bind him into the exclusive service of his patron, he resigned his office and refused the pension.

Without knowing how wisely he was acting, Burke, by declining the pension and affronting Lord Hamilton, had done the very thing that it was most expedient to do.

When Hamilton could not buy his man, he foolishly sought to crush him, and this brought Burke for the first time into the white light of publicity.

I suppose it is fully understood that the nobility of England are not necessarily either cultured or well-read. Literature to most of the titled gentry is a blank, my lord—it is so now and always has been so. Burke's brilliant books were not sufficient to make him famous excepting among the Elect Few, but the

episode with Lord Hamilton set the gossips by the ears, and all who had never read Burke's books now pretended they had.

Burke was a national character—such a man merely needs to be known to be wanted—strong men are always needed. The House of Commons opened its doors to him—several boroughs competing with each other for the favor of being represented by him.

A political break-up with opportunity came along, and we find the Marquis of Rockingham made Premier, and Edmund Burke his secretary. It was Fitzherbert who recommended Burke to Rockingham, and Fitzherbert is immortal for this and for the fact that Johnson used him to point a moral. Said Dr. Johnson, "A man is popular more through negative qualities than positive ones. Fitzherbert is the most acceptable man in London because he never overpowers any one by the superiority of his talents, makes no man think worse of himself by being his rival, seems always ready to listen, does not oblige you to hear much from him, and never opposes what you say."

With Rockingham and Burke it was a case of the tail wagging the dog, but Burke and Rockingham understood each other, and always remained firm friends. ¶I believe it was John J. Ingalls who said America had never elected but one first-class man for president, and he was chosen only because he was unknown

Rockingham could neither make a speech nor write a

readable article; but he was kindly disposed, honest and intelligent and had a gracious and winning presence. He lives in history to-day chiefly because Edmund Burke was associated with him.

Burke was too big a man for Premier—such men have to be kept in subjection—the popular will is wise. Men like Burke make enemies—common folks cannot follow them in their flight, and in their presence we feel "like a farmer in the presence of a sleight-of-hand man."

To have life, and life in abundance is the prayer of every strong and valiant soul. But men are forever running away from life—getting into "positions," monasteries, communities, and now and again cutting the cable of existence by suicide. The man who commits suicide usually leaves a letter giving a reason—most any reason is sufficient,—he was looking for a reason and when he thought he had found it, he seized upon it.

Life to Edmund Burke was the gracious gift of the gods, and he was grateful for it. He ripened slowly. ¶Arrested development never caught him—all the days of his life his mind was expanding and reaching out touching every phase of human existence. Nothing was foreign to him, nothing that related to human existence was small or insignificant. When the home-thrust was made that Ireland had not suffered more through the absenteeism of her landlords than through the absenteeism of her men of genius, Burke made

the reply that Ireland needed friends in the House of Commons more than at home.

Burke loved Ireland to the last, and his fine loyalty for her people doubtless cost him a seat in the Cabinet. In moments of passion his tongue took on a touch of the old sod which gave Fox an opportunity of introducing a swell bull, "Burke's brogue is worth going miles to see." And once when Burke was speaking of America he referred to the wondrous forests "where the hand of man had never trod," Fox arose to a point of order. And this was a good deal easier on the part of Fox than to try to meet his man in serious debate.

Burke's was not the primrose path of dalliance. He fought his way inch by inch. Often it was a dozen to one against him. In one speech he said, "The minister comes down in state attended by beasts clean and unclean. He opens his budget and edifies us with a speech—one-half the house goes away. A second gentleman gets up and another half goes, and a third gentleman launches a speech that rids the house of another half."

A loud laugh here came in, and Burke stopped and said he was most happy if a small dehorned Irish bull of his could put the House in such good humor, and went on with his speech. Soon, however, there were cries of "Shame!" from the Tories who thought Burke was speaking disrespectfully of the King.

Burke paused and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have not

spoken of the King except in high esteem—I prize my head too well for that. But I do not think it necessary that I should bow down to his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox or his ass"—and he fixed his intrepid gaze upon the chief offender.

Nature's best use for genius is to make other men think; to stir things up so sedimentation does not take place; to break the anchylosis of self-complacency; and start the stream of public opinion running so it will purify itself.

Burke was an agitator—not a leader. He had the great gift of exaggeration, without which no man can be a great orator. He painted the picture large, and put the matter in a way that compelled attention. For thirty years he was a most prominent figure in English politics—no great measure could be passed without counting on him. His influence held dishonesty in check, and made oppression pause.

History is usually written from one of three points of view—political, literary or economic. Macaulay stands for the first, Taine the second, Buckle the third. Each writer considers his subject supreme. When we speak of the history of a country we usually refer to its statesmen.

Politicians live the lives of moths as compared with the lasting influence of commerce that feeds, houses and clothes, says Buckle.

Rulers govern, but it is literature that enlightens, says Taine.

Literature and commerce are made possible only through the wisdom of statesmen, says Macaulay.

¶ Edmund Burke's business was state-craft; his play was letters; but he lives for us through letters.

He had two sets of ardent friends, his political associates, and that other little group of literary cronies made up of Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, Reynolds and Garrick.

With these his soul was free—his sense of sublimity then found wings—the vocabulary of Johnson, the purling poetry of Goldsmith, the grace of Garrick's mimicry, the miracle of Reynolds' pencil and brush—these ministered to his hungry heart.

They were forms of expression.

All life is an expression of spirit.

Burke's life was dedicated to expression.

He expressed through speech, personal presence and written words. Who ever expressed in this way so well? And—stay!—who ever had so much that was worth while to express?

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To the Homes of

EMINENT ORATORS

Pitt

Written by Elbert Hubbard & done into a Book by the Roycrofters at the Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1903

WILLIAM PITT



William Pitt

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IME was when slaves were exported like cattle from the British Coast and exposed for sale in the Roman market. These men and women who were thus sold were supposed to be guilty of witchcraft, debt, blasphemy or theft. Or else they were prisoners taken in war—they had forfeited their right to freedom, and we sold them. We said they were incapable of self-government and so must be looked after. Later we quit selling British slaves, but began to buy and trade in African humanity. We silenced conscience by saying, "It's all right—they are incapable of self-government." We were once as obscure, as debased, as ignorant, as barbaric, as the African is now. I trust that the time will come when we are willing to give to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the right to attain to the same blessings that we ourselves enjoy.

—WILLIAM PITT on Abolition of Slavery in England.

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THE Law of Heredity has been described as that Law of our nature which provides that a man shall resemble his grandmother—or not, as the case may be. ¶ What traits are inherited and what acquired—who shall say? Married folks who resort to the happy expedient of procuring their children at orphan asylums can testify to the many times they have been complimented on the striking resemblance of father to daughter, or son to mother.

Possibly that is all there is of it—we resemble those with whom we associate. Far be it from me to say the final word on this theme—I would not if I could, deprive men of a problem they can never solve. When all questions are answered, it will be time to telephone the undertaker.

That men of genius do not reproduce themselves after the flesh is an axiom, but that William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, did, is brought forth as an exception, incident, accident or circumstance, just according to one's mood at the moment. ¶ "Great men do have great sons!" we cry. "Just look at the Pitts, the Adamses, the Walpoles, the Beechers, the Booths,

the Bellinis, the Disraelis!" and here we begin to falter. And then the opposition takes it up and rattles off a list of great men whose sons were spendthrifts, gamblers, ne'er-do-wells and jackanapes.

When Pitt the Younger made his first speech in the House of Commons, he struck thirteen. The members of the House were amazed.

"He 's a chip off the old block," they said.

"He 's the block itself," said Burke.

Lord Rosebery, who had the felicity to own a Derby winner, once said of Pitt, "He was bred for speed, but not for endurance."



INCE the subject of heredity always seems to come up when the Pitts are mentioned, it may be proper for us to go back and trace pedigree a bit, to see if we have here the formula for producing a genius.

The grandfather of William Pitt the Elder, was Thomas Pitt, a sea-captain, trader and gentleman adventurer. In fact, he was a bold buccaneer, but not too bold, for he gave large sums to church and charity and showed his zeal for virtue by once hanging three smugglers in chains, high up on a gibbet overlooking the coast of Cornwall, and there the bodies were left until the birds of prey and the elements had bleached their bones.

Thomas Pitt was known as "Diamond Tom" through bringing from India and selling to the Regent Orleans the largest diamond, I believe, ever owned in England. For this Diamond Tom received one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds—a sum equal to one million dollars. That Diamond Tom received this money there is no doubt, but where and how he got the diamond nobody seems to know, and in his own time it was deemed indelicate to inquire.

Tom might have wasted that money right shortly—there are several ways of dissipating a fortune—but he wisely decided to found a house. That is to say he bought a borough—the borough of Old Sarum, the

locality that was to become famous as the "rotten borough" of the Reform Bill.

He bought this borough and all the tenants outright from the Government, just as we bought the Filipinos at two dollars per head. All the people who lived in the borough had to pay tribute, taxes or rent to Tom, for Tom owned the tenures. They had to pay, hike or have their heads cut off. Most of them paid.

If the time were at our disposal it might be worth while to let this brochure extend itself into a picture of how all the land in England once belonged to the Crown, and how this land was transferred at will to Thomas, Richard and Henry for cash or as reward for services rendered. It was much the same in America—the Government once owned all the land, and then this land was sold, given out to soldiers, or to homesteaders who would clear the land of trees, and later we reversed the proposition and gave the land to those who would plant trees.

There was this similarity, too, between English and American land laws: the Indians on the land in America had to pay, move or be perforated. For them to pay rent or work out a road tax, was quite out of the question. Indians, like the Irish, will not pay rent, so we were compelled to evict them.

But there was this difference in America: the owner of the land could sell it; in England he could not. The law of entail has been much modified, but as a general proposition the land owner in England has the privi-

lege of collecting the rent, and warning off poachers, but he cannot mortgage the land and eat it up. This keeps the big estates intact, and is a very good scheme. Under a similar law in the United States, Uncle Billy Bushnell or Ali Baba might live in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and own every foot of East Aurora, and all of us would then vote as Baron Bushnell or Sir Ali dictated, thus avoiding much personal animus at Town Meetin' time.

But no tenure can be made with death—he can neither be bought, bribed, cajoled nor intimidated. Diamond Tom died and his eldest son Robert came into possession of the estate.

Now Robert was commonplace and beautifully mediocre. It is one of Nature's little ironies at the expense of the Law of Entail, that she will occasionally send out of the spirit realm, into a place of worldly importance, a man who is a regular chibot, chitterling and chump. Robert Pitt, son of Diamond Tom, escaped all censure and unkind criticism by doing nothing, saying nothing and being nothing.

But he proved procreant and reared a goodly brood of sons and daughters—all much like himself, save one, the youngest son.

This son, by name William Pitt, very much resembled Diamond Tom, his illustrious grandfather—Nature bred back. William was strong in body, firm in will, active, alert, intelligent. Times had changed or he might have been a bold buccaneer, too. He was

all his grandfather was, only sand-papered, buffed and polished by civilization.

He was sent to Eton, and then to Trinity College, Oxford, where buccaneer instincts broke out and he left without a degree. Two careers were open to him, as to all aspiring sons of Noble Beef-eaters—he could enter the Church or the Army.

He chose the Army, and became in due course the first cornet of his company.

His elder brother Thomas was very naturally a member of the House of Commons for Old Sarum, and later sat for Oakhampton. Another of Nature's little ironies here outcrops: Thomas, who was named for his illustrious grandfather—he of the crystallized carbon—did n't resemble his grandfather nearly so much as did his younger brother William. So Thomas with surprising good sense named his brother for a seat in the House of Commons from Old Sarum.

William was but twenty-seven years of age when he began his official career, but he seemed one who had leaped into life full armed. He absorbed knowledge on every hand. Demosthenes was his idol, and he, too, declaimed by the sea-shore with his mouth full of pebbles. His splendid command of language was acquired by the practice of translation and re-translation. Whether Greek or Latin ever helped any man to become a better thinker is a mooted question, but the practice of talking off in your own tongue a page of a foreign language is a mighty good way to lubri-

cate your English. ¶ William Pitt had all the graces of a great orator—he was deliberate, self-possessed, positive. In form he was rather small, but he had a way of carrying himself that gave an impression of size. He was one of the world's big little men—the type of Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Harrison and John D. Long. In the House of Commons he lost no time in making his presence felt. He was assertive, theatrical, declamatory—still, he usually knew what he was talking about. His criticisms of the Government so exasperated Sir Robert Walpole that Walpole used to refer to him as "that terrible cornet of horse." Finally Walpole had him dismissed from the Army. This instead of silencing the young man really made matters worse, and George II., who patronized the Opposition when he could not down it, made him groom of the bed chamber to the Prince of Wales. This was an office lined with adipose, with no work to speak of.

The feeling is that Pitt revealed his common clay by accepting the favor. He was large enough to get along without such things.

In most of the good old "School Speakers" was an extract from a speech supposed to have been delivered by Pitt on the occasion of his being taunted by Horatio Walpole on account of his youth. Pitt replied in language something like this: "It is true that I am young, yet I 'll get over that; but the man who is a fool will probably remain one all his days."

The speech was reported by a lout of a countryman, Samuel Johnson by name, who had come up to London to make his fortune, and found his first work in reporting speeches in the House of Commons. Pitt did not write out his speeches for the press, weeks in advance, according to latter day methods; the man who reported them had to have a style of his own—and certainly Johnson had. Pitt was much pleased with Johnson's reports of his speeches, but on one occasion mildly said, "Ah, Mr. Johnson—you know—I do not exactly remember using that expression!"

And Samuel Johnson said, "Sir, it is barely possible that you did not use the language as I have written it out; but you should." Just how much Johnson we get in Pitt's printed speeches is still a topic for debate. ¶ Pitt could think on his feet, while Samuel Johnson never made but one speech and broke down in that. But Johnson could write, and the best of Pitt's speeches are those reported by Ursa Major in a style superbly Johnsonese. The member from Old Sarum once sent Johnson two butts of Canary and a barrel of white-bait, as a token of appreciation for his skill in accurate reporting.

Pitt followed the usual course of successful reformers, and in due time lined up on the side of the conservatives, and gradually succumbed to a strictly aristocratic disease, gout. Whether genius is transmissible or not is a question, but all authorities agree as to gout. ¶ Pitt's opposition to the Walpoles was so very firmly

rooted that it continued for life, and for this he was rewarded by the Duchess of Marlborough with a legacy of ten thousand pounds. Her Grace was the mother of the lady who had the felicity to have her picture painted by Gainsborough, which picture was brought to America and secreted here for many years and finally was purchased for sixty-five thousand dollars by Pierpont Morgan, through the kind offices of my friend Patricius Sheedy, Philistine-at-Large.

¶ The Duchess in her will said she gave the money to Pitt as "an acknowledgment of the noble defense he had made for the support of the laws of England." But the belief is that it was her hatred for Walpole that prompted her admiration for Pitt. And her detestation of Walpole was not so much political as sentimental—a woman's love affairs being much more to her than patriotism, but the Duchess being a woman deceived herself as to reasons. Our acts are right, but our reasons seldom are. I leave this Marlborough matter with those who are interested in the psychology of the heart—merely calling attention to the fact that although the Duchess was ninety when she passed out, the warm experiences of her early womanhood were very vivid in her memory. If you wish to know when love dies out of a woman's brain, you will have to ask someone who is older than was the Duchess of Marlborough.

When George II. died, and his grandson George III. came into power, Pitt resigned his office in the cabinet

and abandoned politics. ¶ At last he found time to get married. He was then forty-six years of age.

Men retire from active life, but seldom remain upon the shelf,—either life or death takes them down. In five years time we find the King offering Pitt anything in sight, and Mr. Pitt, the Great Commoner, became Viscount Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

By this move Pitt lost in popularity more than he had gained in dignity—there was a complete revulsion of feeling toward him by the people, and he never again attained the influence and power he had once known. ¶ Burke once referred to a certain proposed bill as "insignificant, irrelevant, pompous, creeping, explanatory and ambiguous — done in the true Chathamic style."

But the disdain of Burke was really complimentary—it took a worthy foe to draw his fire. Chatham's faults were mostly on the surface, and were more a matter of manner than of head or heart. America has cause to treasure the memory of Chatham. He opposed the Stamp Act with all the vigor of his tremendous intellect, and in the last speech of his life he prophesied that the Americans would never submit to taxation without representation, and that all the power of England was not great enough to subdue men who were fighting for their country. Yet his appeal to George III. and his minions was like bombarding a fog. But all he said proved true.

On the occasion of this last great speech Chatham

was attended by his favorite son William, then nineteen years old. Proud as was this father of his son, he did not guess that in four short years this boy would, through his brilliancy, cast his own splendid efforts into the shadow; and that Burke, the querulous, would give the son a measure of approbation never vouchsafed to the father.

William Pitt, the younger, is known as the "Great Pitt," to distinguish him from his father, who in his day was known as the greatest man in England.



ILLIAM PITT, the second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born of poor but honest parents, in the year 1759. That was the year that gave us Robert Burns—between whom and Pitt, in some respects, averages were held good. The same year was born William Wilberforce, philanthropist and emancipator, father of Canon Wilberforce.

At this time the fortunes of William Pitt the elder were at full flood. England was in a fever of exultation—drunk with success. Just where the thought got abroad that the average Englishman is moderate in success and in defeat not cast down, I do not know. But this I have seen: All London mad, howling, exultant, savage drunk, because of the report that the Red Coats had subjugated this colony or that. To subdue, crush, slay and defeat, has caused shrieking shouts of joy in London since London began—unless the slain were Englishmen.

This is patriotism, concerning which Samuel Johnson, reporter in the House of Commons, once made a remark slightly touched with acerbity.

In the years 1758 to 1759 not a month passed but bonfires burned bright from Cornwall to Scotland in honor of English victories on land and sea. In Westphalia, British Infantry defeated the armies of Louis XV.; Boscawen had sunk a French fleet; Hawke put

to flight another; Amherst took Ticonderoga; Clive destroyed a Dutch armament; Wolfe achieved victory and a glorious death at Quebec. English arms had marched triumphant through India and secured for the tight little island an empire, while another had been gained on the shores of Ontario.

For all this the Great Commoner received most of the glory; and that this tremendous popularity was too great to last is but a truism.

But in such a year it was that William Pitt was born. His father was fifty years old, his mother about thirty. This mother was a woman of rare grace, intellect and beauty, the only sister of two remarkable brothers—George Grenville, the obstinate adviser of George III., the man who did the most to make America free—unintentionally—and the other brother was Richard Earl Temple, almost equally potent for right or wrong.

That the child of a sensitive mother, born amid such a crash of excitement, should be feeble was to be expected. No one at first expected the baby to survive. ¶ But tenderness and care brought him through, and he grew into a tall, spindling boy whose intellect far outmatched his body. He was too weak to be sent to take his place at a common school, and so his father and mother taught him.

Between the father and son there grew up a fine bond of affection. Whenever the father made a public address the boy was there to admire and applaud.

The father's declining fortunes drove him back to his family for repose, and all of his own ambitions became centered in his son. With a younger man this might not have been the case, but the baby boy of an old man means much more to him than a brood coming early

Daily, this boy of twelve or fourteen, would go to his father's study to recite. Oratory was his aim, and the intent was that he should become the greatest parliamentarian of his time.

This little mutual admiration society composed of father and son, speaks volumes for both. Boys reaching out toward manhood, when they are neither men nor boys, often have little respect for their fathers—they consider the pater to be both old-fashioned and tyrannical. And the father, expecting too much of the son, often fails in faith and patience; but there was no such failure here. Chatham personally superintended the matter of off-hand translation, and this practice was kept up daily from the time the boy was eight years old, until he was nineteen, when his father died.

¶ Then there was the tutor Pretyman who must not be left out. He was a combination valet and teacher, and the most pedantic and idolatrous person that ever moused through dusty tomes. With a trifle more adipose and a little less intellect, he would have made a most successful and awful butler. He seemed a type of the English waiter who by some chance had acquired a college education, and never said a wrong

thing, nor did a right one, during his whole life. ¶Pretyman wrote a life of Pitt, and according to Macaulay it enjoys the distinction of being the worst biography ever written. Lord Rosebery, however, declares the book is not so bad as it might be. I believe there are two other biographies equally stupid—"Weems' Life of Washington" and the book on Gainsborough by Thicknesse. Weems' book was written to elevate his man into a demi-god; Thicknesse was intent on lowering his subject and exalting himself; while Pretyman extols himself and his subject equally, revealing how William Pitt could never have been William Pitt were it not for his tutor. Pretyman emphasizes trifles, slights important matters, and waxes learned concerning the irrelevant. ¶A legacy coming to Pretyman, he changed his name to Tomline, as women change their names when they marry or enter a convent.

Religion to Pitt was quite a perfunctory affair, necessary, of course; but a bishop in England was one who could do little good and, fortunately, not much harm. With an irony too subtle to be seen by but very few, Pitt when twenty-seven years of age made his old tutor Bishop of Winchester. Tomline proved an excellent and praiseworthy bishop; and his obsequious loyalty to Pitt led to the promise that if the Primacy should become vacant, Tomline was to be made Archbishop of Canterbury.

This promise was told by the unthinking Tomline,

and reached the ears of George III., a man who at times was very much alert.

There came a day when the Primacy was vacant, and to head off the nomination by Pitt, the King one morning at eight o'clock walked over to the residence of Bishop Manners Somers and plied the knocker.

¶ The servant who answered the summons explained that the Bishop was taking his bath and could not be seen until he had had breakfast.

But the visitor was importunate.

The servant went back to his master and explained that the stout man at the door would neither go away nor tell his name, but must see his lordship at once.

¶ When the Bishop appeared in his dressing-gown and saw the King, he nearly had apoplexy. But the King quickly told his errand and made his friend Primate on the doorstep, with the butler and housemaid for witnesses.

Later in the day when Pitt appeared at the palace he was told that a Primate had been appointed—the King was very sorry, but the present incumbent could not be removed unless charges were preferred. Pitt smilingly congratulated the King on the wisdom of his choice, but afterward referred to the transaction as "a rather scurvy trick."

At twenty-three years of age William Pitt entered the House of Commons from the same borough that his father had represented at twenty-seven. His elder brother made way just as had the elder brother of his

father. ¶ The first speech he made in Parliament fixed his place in that body. His fame had preceded him, and when he arose every seat was taken to hear the favorite son of the Earl of Chatham, the greatest orator England had ever seen.

The subject was simply a plan of finance, and lacked all excuse for fine phrasing or flavor of sentiment. And what should a boy of twenty-three know about a nation's financial policy?

Yet this boy knew all about it. Figures, statistics, results, conclusions, were shown in a steady, flowing, accurate, lucid manner. The young man knew his theme—every byway, highway and tracing of it. By that speech he proved his mathematical genius, and blazed the way straight to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Not only did he know his theme, but he had the ability to explain it. He spoke without hesitation or embarrassment, and revealed the same splendid dignity that his father had shown, all flavored by the same dash of indifference for the auditor. But the discerning ones saw that he surpassed his father, in that he carried more reserve and showed a suavity that was not the habit of Chatham.

And the man was there—mighty and self-reliant.

The voice is the index of the soul. The voice of the two Pitts was the same voice, we have been told—a deep, rich, cultivated lyric-baritone. It was a trained voice, a voice that came from a full column of air,

that never broke into a screech, rasping the throat of the speaker and the ear of the listener. It was the natural voice carefully developed by right use. The power of Pitt lay in his cold, calculating intellect, but the instrument that made manifest this intellect was his deep, resonant, perfectly controlled voice.

Pitt never married, and according to the biting phrase of Fox, all he knew of love was a description of it he got from the Iliad. That is to say he was separated from it about three thousand years. This is a trifle too severe, for when twenty-two years of age he met the daughter of Necker at Paris—she who was to give the world of society a thrill as Madam de Stael. And if the gossips are right it was not the fault of Pitt that a love match did not follow. But the woman gauged the man, and she saw that love to him would merely be an incident, not a consuming passion, and she was not the woman to write a book on Farthest North. She dallied with the young man a day, and then sent him about his business, exasperated and perplexed. He could strike fire with men as flint strikes on flint, but women were outside his realm.

¶ Yet he followed the career of Madam de Stael, and never managed to quite get her out of his life. Once in his later years he referred to her as that "cold and trifling daughter of France's greatest financier." He admired the father more than he loved the daughter.

¶ For twenty-four years Pitt piloted England's ship of state. There were constant head winds, and now

and again shifting gales of fierce opposition, and all the time a fat captain to pacify and appease. This captain was stupid, sly, obstinate and insane by turns, and to run the ship and still allow the captain to believe that he was in command, was the problem that confronted Pitt. And that he succeeded as well as any living man could, there is no doubt.

During the reign of Pitt, England lost the American Colonies. This was not a defeat for England, it was Destiny. England preserved her independence by cutting the cable that bound her to us.

The life of Pitt was a search for power—to love, wealth and fame he was indifferent.

He was able to successfully manage the finances of a nation, but his own were left in a sorry muddle—at his death it took forty thousand pounds to cause him to be worth nothing. His debts were paid by the nation. And this indifference to his own affairs was put forth at the time as proof of his probity and excellence. We think now that it marked his limitations. His income for twenty years preceding his death was about fifty thousand dollars a year. One hour a day in auditing accounts with his butler would have made all secure. He had neither wife, child nor dependent kinsmen, yet it was found that his household consumed nine hundred pounds of meat per week and enough beer to float a ship. For a man to waste his own funds in riotous living is only a trifle worse than to allow others to do the same.

Literature, music and art owe little to Pitt—only lovers care for beauty—the sensuous was not for him. He knew the classics, spoke French like a Parisian, reveled in history, had no confidantes, and loved one friend—Wilberforce.

Pictures of Pitt by Reynolds and Gainsborough reveal a face commonplace in feature save for the eye—"the most brilliant eye ever seen in a human face." In describing the man, one word always seems to creep in, the word "haughty." That the man was gentle, kind and even playful among the few who knew him best, there is no doubt. The austerity of his manner was the inevitable result of an ambition the sole aim of which was to dictate the policy of a great nation. All save honor was sacrificed to this end, and that the man was successful in his ambition, there is no dispute. ¶ When he died, aged forty-seven, he was by popular acclaim the greatest Englishman of his time, and the passing years have not shaken that proud position.



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